'Tis Well it's no Worse:

A

COMEDY.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

Va, mon Enfant, prend ta Fortune.

LONDON:

Printed for W. GRIFFIN, at Garrick's-Head, in Catharine-Street, in the Strand.

MDCCLXX.

[Price One Shilling and Six-Pence.]

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

MRS. ABINGTON.

MADAM,

THE great ſervice you have done this comedy, by your admirable performance in it, obliges the author to return you his publick thanks; he does ſo moſt ſincerely; and, at the ſame time, begs leave to inſcribe it to you, as you have certainly the beſt right to what you have made.

It is not the firſt time, indeed, that the writer of this piece has been indebted to the abilities of Mrs. Abington: thoſe perſons who remember her in the Hypocrite, (and ſuch as have ſeen that play, I think, cannot have eaſily forgot her) muſt allow, that ſhe made a no leſs ſtriking figure in Charlotte, (the elegant, and ſprightly Maria of the Nonjuror) than ſhe now does, in the flaunting, flippant, noiſy chambermaid.

But, while I am endeavouring to acknowledge my obligations to you, let not my complaiſance for a lady, make me overlook a friend to whom I am equally bound; I mean Mr. King: who, by all accounts, has ſupported the character of Muſkato in a manner even to force applauſe from enemies.

I wiſh I could deviſe a better method than I here take to expreſs my gratitude to you both; my praiſes can add nothing to your reputation, nor to his: however, I ſhall have a leſs mean opinion of my writings, than I otherwiſe would, while they afford either of you an opportunity of inſpiring the public, with freſh admiration of your talents. I am,

Madam,

Your moſt obliged,

and moſt obedient Servant,

Goodge-Street,
Dec. 3, 1770.

The AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

WHEN this Comedy was put into Mr. Garrick's hands, it was delivered to him as a piece, the chief merit of which conſiſted in the Intrigue; and, as ſuch, he agreed with the Author, that it was a very great curioſity. It muſt be owned, indeed, in juſtice to his diſcernment, that he thought the exhibition of it a hazardous attempt; however, he at the ſame time declared, that if the Play did not too far claſh with the prejudices of prevailing taſte, he thought it had an undoubted right to ſucceſs. On what ground the writer founded his hopes, that theſe prejudices would not be unreaſonably urged againſt it; or, if they were, that his Comedy would in the end get the better of them; a ſhort account of the piece from whence he took it, will probably be the beſt explanation.

THE

THE original of the Play, now laid before the public, is called *El Eſcondido y la Tapada, The Hidden Man and the Veil'd Woman*; and is counted the maſter-piece of the moſt famous among the Spaniſh Dramatic Poets, Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca; who, through Moliere, Corneille, Le Sage, Boiſſy, &c. has provided Vanbrugh, Centlivre, Cibber, and Steel, with The Miſtake, The Falſe Friend, The Wonder, The Buſy Body, The Kind Impoſtor, The Lady's Philoſophy, and The Lying Lover, all Engliſh Comedies, which have been received upon the ſtage with the warmeſt marks of approbation.

HOWEVER, neither theſe former inſtances of Calderon's favourable reception among us, nor the forcible manner in which the writer was ſtruck, when he firſt peruſed this particular Comedy of his, were the ſole motives that induced him to adopt it. In a little French book, called *Hiſtoire des Fêtes Gallantes des Rois de France*, he found it praiſed as a miracle of invention and dramatic ſituations; and that in the year 1668 it was one of the plays that had been performed during the famous feaſt at Verſailles, given by Louis XIV. to his court, and a vaſt concourſe of the firſt people in Europe. In another book, where it is mentioned, he found that in November 1716 it was again put into French, and acted under the title of *L'Amant Cachè & la Dame Voilée*, firſt at the caſtle of the celebrated *Mareſchal*

Mareſchal Noailles, in honour of his daughter's marriage with Prince Charles; and afterwards by the comedians in Paris, (to whom the Mareſchal made it a preſent) with the greateſt ſucceſs. Laſtly, in the year 1769, it was once more tranſlated into the French language, by *Monſ. Lanquit*, a Counſellor of Parliament, and an excellent writer and critic; who, after much praiſe of the poet and the piece, (which he names *La Cloiſon*, *The Pannel*) ſpeaking of Don Carlos and Muſkato, being locked up in the unfurniſhed houſe, he ſays, "it "is an incident the moſt theatrical that can "be imagined, and nothing is ſo intereſting "and ſo ſingular as the ſituations it produces."

But I ſhall perhaps be told, that theſe teſtimonies in favour of the Original may ſtill leave the Copy without excuſe; and as I believe they who diſlike the Play will hardly take my word, when I tell them I have done it no harm, I muſt refer them to the Spaniſh original, or the French tranſlation, (which is literal) to enable them to decide the point. I ſhall only add, in this place, that the critics have long agreed to make a diſtinction between Comedies of Character and Comedies of Intrigue; and notwithſtanding theſe are undoubtedly the beſt, which are compoſed of a due portion of both, I never underſtood, from all I have read about the matter, that Comedy forfeited her name by attaching herſelf to either, particularly the latter; in which the

the great difficulty of the dramatic art ſeems to lie. Nor can I find, tho' it has been of late years the faſhion for Comedy to addreſs herſelf rather to the Heart and Underſtanding *, than the Fancy, that ſhe may not addreſs herſelf to the Fancy ſolely, (as in this piece) without calling her title at all in queſtion.

These propoſitions agreed to, I hope I ſhall be pardoned for thinking that a reader, or ſpectator, not violently exceptious, who will ſit down with a hearty deſire to be amuſed, may find great entertainment from Calderon's Play. Nay, even the profeſſed critic will meet ſomething not to be diſpleaſed with, particularly in the Plot; in which is preſerved a perfect unity of action, at the ſame time that it is branched into a multitude of incidents. Theſe incidents, again, are all naturally prepared; riſing one from the other, without confuſion, without obſcurity; and with leſs to excuſe, on the plea of neceſſity, (a plea which in ſome caſes a judicious critic will always be ready to admit) than could be eaſily ſuppoſed, in ſuch a tiſſue of events, drawn from a ſimple circumſtance. Nor, let me ſay, will a candid judge, who knows how

* This ſort of Comedy, if pleaſantry be not intirely excluded, is certainly the moſt commendable of all; and the Author begs leave to obſerve, that the Maid of the Mill, a piece written by himſelf, however trifling in other circumſtances, was the firſt ſentimental Drama that had appeared on the Engliſh ſtage for near forty years.

to rate the merit of invention, be very apt to quarrel with ſuch a Play, for a weak Scene, or unguarded Phraſe; or for wanting, what in its nature it cannot have, laboured Dialogue, and high wrought Character.

To the performers in this Comedy, the Engliſh Author, or Tranſlator, which ever he may be called, has great obligations; particularly to Mr. Reddiſh, who, in the character of Don Carlos, accepted of a part, purely to ſerve him, greatly below his merit; though his ſpirited action gives it conſequence in the repreſentation. To Mr. Parſons, Mr. Brereton, and Mr. Baddely, he is alſo very much obliged.

To Mr. Garrick he is indebted for — every thing; but, as they were given in a moment of neceſſity and diſappointment, he muſt particularly thank him for his Prologue and Epilogue; the value of the gift being in no ſort leſſened to the receiver, by the ſhort time taken to produce them.

PROLOGUE.

Written by D. G. Esq

SPOKEN BY

MOODY.

O No! there are all-defence and word I [illegible]
I must [illegible] my [illegible]
With [illegible] will [illegible]
About my relation [illegible]
My cousin, [illegible]
Because why [illegible]
I said, [illegible]
A pale [illegible] never delightful;
No conquests [illegible] gain'd, with such dread looks as these;
I told him, a man should not shrink at his [illegible]
That you were his friends, and would taste what he wrote,
If he would not o'erload you with humour and wit;
He swore he would [illegible] be to wake and absurd,
And if I know my cousin, he [illegible] his word.
My cousin's no fool, at your reading and writing,
Tho' now for his play, he's [illegible] as a whiting,
I answer'd for you, which his heart [illegible]
That tho' you don't like it, I'm sure you'll be plas'd;
For they say that Old Nick, if [illegible] will be civil,
You'll like it, if not plas'd, to be [illegible]
In short, my dear cousin has taken a prize;
I'm sure you'll applaud him, [illegible] my boys.
An old crazy vessel, ill built, rigg'd, and plan'd,
But now is rebuilt, new rigg'd, and new man'd,
And just ready to [illegible] — If, when it appears,
From this noble vessel, you'll give it three cheers,
I will lighten his heart, tho' it load not his purse;
And the rogue will cry out — [illegible]
From the head to the [illegible], thus let me address you,
Do send us your hands — for faith I'll not [illegible] you.

PROLOGUE.

Written by D. G. Esq.

SPOKEN BY

Mr. MOODY.

O Ho! there ye are!—Before one word I utter,
I muſt tell you, my dears—that I, *Captain O Cutter*,
With ſilent reſpect, will a thing or two ſay
About my relation who wrote this new play:
My couſin, poor ſoul's, in a damnable fright,
Becaſe why?—to amuſe ye he takes great delight;
I ſaid, fye, for ſhame!—what a man and be frightful?
A pale baſhful Iriſhman's never delightful;
No conqueſts are gain'd, with ſuch dread looks as thoſe;
I told him, a man ſhould not ſhrink at his foes;
That you were his friends, and would taſte what he writ,
If he would not o'erload you with humour and wit;
He ſwore he would *not* be ſo wake and abſurd;
And if I know my couſin, he'll not brake his word.
My couſin's no fool, at your reading and writing,
Tho' now for his play, he's as pale as a whiting.
I anſwer'd for *you*, which his heart has much eas'd,
That tho' you don't like it, I'm ſure you'll be plas'd;
For they ſay that Old Nick, if he's plas'd, will be civil;
You'll like it, if not plas'd, to be unlike the Devil.
In ſhort, my dear couſin has taken a prize;
I'm ſure you'll applaud him, 'tis *Spaniſh*, my boys.
An old crazy veſſel, ill built, rigg'd, and plann'd;
But now is ra-built, new rigg'd, and new mann'd,
And juſt ready to *lance*.—If, when it appears,
From this noble veſſel, you'll give it three cheers,
'Twill lighten his heart, tho' it load not his purſe,
And the rogue will cry out—*'Tis well it's no worſe.*
From the head to the ſtarn, thus let me addreſs you,
To lend us your hands—for faith I'll not *preſs* you.

Firſt * you in the top there, with bawling don't ſtun him;
As you'r ſtout, pray be marciful, don't fire upon him.
If † you on the quarter-deck will not befriend him,
Your ſwivels and ſmall arms, faith, quickly will end him.
And if ‡ you between decks, my couſin don't favour,
But give him your broadſides, you ſink him for ever.
And, O ye ‖ ſweet Craters, who ſit in the cabin,
Whoſe privateer eyes are our hearts ever nabbing,
Do but awe with your cannon this critical § crew,
You'll charm Iriſh hearts, to *your* ſex ever true,
That a ſon of St. Patrick's protected by *you*.

* *Upper gallery.* † *Firſt gallery.* ‡ *Pit.*
‖ *Boxes.* § *The Pit.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY

The AUTHOR of the PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

INSTEAD of an epilogue, round, ſmart, and terſe,
Let poor ſimple me, and in more ſimple verſe,
Juſt handle the text——*It is well it's no worſe.*

The brat of this night, ſhould you cheriſh and nurſe,
And huſh it, and rock it, tho' you fill not his purſe,
The daddy will ſay, that——*'Tis well it's no worſe.*

Or ſhou'd his ſtrange fortune, turn out the reverſe.
That his pockets you fill, tho' his play you ſhou'd curſe,
Still our author will ſay——*It is well it's no worſe.*

The town with each poet, will puſh, carte and tierce,
If the bard can ſo guard, that his buff you don't pierce,
Tho' you pink him a little——*'Tis well it's no worſe.*

Should the play-houſe be full, tho' the criticks ſo fierce,
The managers, actors, and author aſperſe,
We ſhrug up our ſhoulders——*'Tis well it's no worſe.*

But ſhould you to damn, be reſolv'd and perverſe,
If quietly after, from hence you diſperſe,
We wiſh you good-night—and——*It's well it's no worſe.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Don Guzman de Ribbera,	Mr. Parſons.
Don Carlos de Pimentel,	Mr. Reddiſh.
Don Pedro Pacheco,	Mr. Davis.
Don Ferdinand,	Mr. Brereton.
Lazarillo,	Mr. Baddely.
Muſkato,	Mr. King.

WOMEN.

Marcella,	Mrs. Jefferies.
Aurora,	Mrs. Baddely.
Leonarda,	Mrs. Love.
Beatrice,	Mrs. Abington.
An Old Nun,	Mrs. Dorman.

Officers, Lawyers, Servants, &c.

SCENE, MADRID.

'Tis Well it's no Worse:

A

COMEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A place ſuppoſed to be in the ſuburbs of Madrid: *time, near the duſk of the evening.* Don Carlos *enters as from a journey, followed by* Muſkato.

D. Car. MUSKATO!

Muſk. Signor Don Carlos,

D. Car. What was it the clock ſtruck as we paſſed by the convent?

Muſk. Seven, Sir.

D. Car. 'Tis too light to venture into town yet; till it grows a little darker, let us ſtop here—have you tied the mules to the trees, as I ordered you?

Muſk. Yes, Sir, I have tied the mules; but don't you think it would have been more in the natural order of things, if the riders had been tied firſt?

D. Car. What do you mean?

Muſk. Neither more nor leſs, than that of the four, the beaſts are the moſt reaſonable creatures.

D. Car. You think we are two madmen then.

Muſk. Troth do I, Sir; with ſome little difference, however, between us.

D. Car. You would inſinuate, I ſuppoſe—

Muſk. Oh nothing farther, Sir, than that you have the precedence in that, as you ought in all other things in which we are mutually concerned; you are mad, *en maitre*, as the French have it: I am mad, through complaiſance, as it were; or intereſt; or to adapt myſelf to the company of my betters.

D. Car. And how do you prove this, pray?

Muſk. How do I prove it?—Thus—It is ſcarcely three months ſince we were obliged to make our eſcape from this good town of Madrid, after having killed a gentleman, brother to a certain lady, to whom, for ſome months before, you had been paying your addreſſes: and what is not a little extraordinary, you were not only the profeſſed admirer of his ſiſter, but his rival at the ſame time with another lady, about whom you wiſely took it into your heads to quarrel Well, after having fought ourſelves out of Spain, we arrived ſafely and happily in Portugal; when, I know not upon what crotchet——for you never told me a word of your intention, till the moment you put it in practice——coming one evening ſuddenly into your lodgings—Maſkato, ſays you——Here, your honour, ſays I—Get our boots, ſays you, and ſaddle the mules directly—I thought we were going to take the air in ſome of the pretty outlets about town——but the devil a bit—No ſooner had we ſet foot on the road to Spain, than clapping your heels ſmartly to the ſides of your beaſt, off you went in a hand gallop, and I followed——crick, crack——whip and ſpur, through thick and thin—till here we are at the gates of Madrid again.

D. Car. This is all very true.

Muſk. And yet you are ſurprized that I ſhould think you a madman.

D. Car. You are not unacquainted, Muſkato, with the violence of my paſſion for Marcella, the daughter of Don Guzman de Ribbera—I loved her from

from the firſt moment I ſaw her; but finding her prepoſſeſſion in favour of a relation of her own, an unſurmountable bar to my wiſhes, I at length determined to get the better of an inclination ſo unhappily placed, and to that end caſt my eyes upon another very beautiful woman, whom you are alſo acquainted with—Aurora, the ſiſter of Don Pedro Paccheco.

Muſk. Well, Sir, and being ſo mighty well acquainted with all theſe things—as, to my ſorrow, I moſt certainly am——but what ſignifies your going about to tell me this rigmiroll ſtory now?

D. Car. There is a melancholy indulgence in diſcourſing upon the ſubjects of our uneaſineſs——I ſay then, my friend, I uſed every means poſſible to make myſelf really fall in love with Aurora; but my heart refuſed to be an accomplice in the inconſtancy to which my reaſon adviſed me—for my misfortune, Don Alonzo, the brother of the beauty from whoſe power I endeavoured to free myſelf, was the profeſſed admirer of her whom I affected to ſerve——I one day ſaw them walking together on the Prado; I was willing to interrupt the tête à tête, and immediately joined them—Aurora appeared pleaſed with my company; and after I came up, paid little attention to Don Alonzo—this piqued his pride—he took occaſion to inſult me—we drew our ſwords ——I had the advantage—and, at the ſecond paſs, my antagoniſt lay dead at my feet.

Muſk. At mine, upon my honour, Sir, for there he fell—and a well timber'd fellow he was—I think I never ſaw a finer corps ſince I came into the world.

D. Car. This unlucky affair forced me to fly—and when I had been about two months in Portugal, I received this letter from Aurora—(*taking a letter from his pocket*)—you may read it.

Muſk. You know I can't, and that's the reaſon you are ſo willing to let me—however, read it for

me; I have done more than that for you before now.

D. Car. Liſten then—After ſome general explanations of complement and regard, are theſe words, "You know my brother is abſent, and you "cannot have a ſurer retreat than in my houſe, "where the family will never think of ſearching "for you: accept it I beſeech you: you will be "on the ſpot to manage your affairs; and I am "perſuaded nothing prevents your pardon, but "your not being here to excite your friends to a "proper zeal."

Muſk. And ſo, Sir, to convince Donna Aurora that you were not inſenſible of her obliging offer, you quitted Liſbon, where you were in peace and ſafety—

D. Car. In effect, Muſkato, friends are ſeldom ſo ſollicitous for us in our abſence——I have therefore come to Madrid upon this invitation. In the day-time I can conceal myſelf in Aurora's houſe; and at night, go out among ſome I dare truſt, whoſe intereſt, if warmly exerted, may be of the utmoſt ſervice to me. And ſhall I confeſs, that I am not a little flattered with the thought, now I am here, of ſometimes accidentally ſeeing the charming Marcella; and now and then, in an evening paying my homage under her window?

Muſ. Why to be ſure, Sir, that muſt be a comfort to a gentleman of your amorous diſpoſition; and to ſpeak the truth, I promiſe myſelf ſome little gratification, in enjoyments of the ſame kind; for what between Beatrice, chamber-maid to Donna Marcella, and Leonarda, the governante of Donna Aurora.—But I am ſadly afraid we ſhall be executed before we have time to put any of thoſe pretty fancies into practice.

Don Carlos, Muſkato: Marcella, Beatrice, Coachman, *and* Servants *behind the ſcenes. A ſudden craſh is heard, with ſcreams and cracking of whips.*

Mar. Oh heav'ns and earth!

Coachm. Kniac, kniac, kniac!

Muſ. Hey dey! what's all this?

Mar. Pedro, Lopez!

Coachm. Ge up! ge up I ſay.

1ſt Footm. Why, Diego, you have got into a ditch here.

2d Footm. Take the horſes by the head, while I clap my ſhoulder to the wheel.

Coachm. Come then loves, come—

Beat. Help, murder, help!

D. Car. A carriage is overturned with women in it; I muſt aſſiſt them let what will be the conſequence.

Muſ. Why Sir, are you—He's gone—

1ſt Footm. (running acroſs) Stay a little comrade, ſtay a little—I'll run to the houſe and inform my maſter of what has happen'd, and get ſomebody to our aſſiſtance.

Muſ. Hah, ſure I ſhou'd know that livery! If ever I ſaw it in my life, 'tis Don Guzman de Ribbera's: his houſe is hard by, and I'll be hang'd if this is not his coach that's overturn'd—Who have we here?

Enter Beatrice, *with the coachman drunk; and a footman carrying a flambeaux.*

Beat. Oh! you villain, you villain, ſee what you've done.

Coachm. Why what have I done, Mrs. Beatrice? I hope I have done no harm to you, nor nobody elſe: Heav'n forbid.

Beat. Do you call it no harm to overturn us? My ruffles are torn off my arms; and ſee here what a condition my veil's in—It's not the firſt time you've

you've been like to ſerve us this way before; but my maſter deſerves it, for keeping ſo long in his family, ſuch a drunken ſot as you are.

Coachm. Drunken! upon my honour, and as I am a chriſtian, I have not taſted any thing wet this bleſſed day, except juſt now, againſt my will, a little ditch water.

Beat. Go, you are a naſty wretch.

Coachm. But I knew well enough you would ſay I was drunk.

Beat. Sancho, where's my lady?

2d. Foot. A cavalier came to her aſſiſtance, and is leading her along.

Beat. And why did you not ſtay to attend her with the light? *(The ſervant goes out.)* My poor things will never be worth a farthing again, as long as the world ſtands.

Coachm. I knew as well as could be, they would ſay I was drunk.

Muſk. (coming forward.) Signora Beatrice?

Beat. (ſtarting.) Ah, who's this!

Muſk. Don't you know your old friend and admirer?

Beat. Muſkato!

Muſk. Ay.

Beat. Mercy on us, man, what brings you here?

Muſk. Love, and my other misfortunes.

Beat. Is your maſter with you?

Muſk. We never travel aſunder.

Beat. And are you ignorant of the conſequence, ſhould it be known that you are in Madrid? If either of you are catched, you'll certainly be hanged.

Muſk. But I hope we ſhan't be catched, if you are not ſo cruel as to betray us.

Beat. I ſhan't betray you, but I can tell you my old maſter has not forgot the death of his ſon; he is as implacable as ever.

Muſk. And yet the death of his ſon was not our fault.

Beat.

Beat. No matter for that; there is ſcarcely an alguazil in Spain, but has a warrant againſt you; ſo have a care of yourſelves.

Enter Don Carlos, *leading* Marcella; *preceded by a ſervant with a flambeau.*

D. Car. Go before, and keep your light at a greater diſtance.

Beat. Dear Madam, how do you find yourſelf?

Mar. Oh, pretty well, thanks to the civility of this cavalier. I only wiſh to know him, that I may acknowledge the favour as I ought.

D. Car. (quitting her hand.) She will never be able to bear the ſight of me, after killing her brother; I had better not diſcover myſelf.

Marc. Oblige me, Sir, by making me acquainted with the gentleman to whom I am ſo much indebted.

D. Car. (turning from her.) You confeſs I have been ſerviceable to you, Madam; that is happineſs enough for me; wiſh not to know your benefactor, leſt it ſhould make you hate the benefit.

Marc. What do you mean, Sir? I owe my life to you; if you will not accept of my acknowledgments, give my friends, my father, leave—

D. Car. (ſtill turning from her.) You owe me nothing, Madam; I deſire no acknowledgments; I dread them more than you did your danger.

Marc. Sure there is ſomething in that voice that I have heard before.

Beat. It is Don Carlos!

Muſk. My poor unfortunate maſter. Turn to her, Sir, turn to her, o'God's name, and don't be afraid; Donna Marcella is too generous to injure a miſerable gentleman that loves her.

D. Car. (falling on his knees, and catching Marcella *by the hand.)* Beautiful Marcella! behold at your feet, the moſt unfortunate of men.

Marc. Signor Don Carlos, pray Sir, pray, what brings you here? Let go my hand; you can't imagine the terror you have thrown me into.

D. Car. You know I adore you. Hear me exculpate myself from the fatal offence which drove me for ever from your presence: by heav'ns, when your brother fell, through his own ungoverned passion——

Marc. Wound not my ears with the shocking recital, and leave me directly; you may do so in full security: the favour I have just received from you, warrants my letting you go unmolested.

Musk. Sir, here are people coming with more lights; we shall be seized before we can look about us.

Marc. My honour is pledged for your safety, Don Carlos, if you depart immediately.

D. Car. Be it so, Madam; I'll trouble you no farther; but remember my life is in your hands more ways than one.

Marcella, Beatrice, Don Guzman, Don Ferdinand, *with servants, and lights.*

D. Guz. Why, what is all this? what is it all? The coach overturned, and my daughter and her maid in the mire! I never heard such a silly, strange, unaccountable, deviliſh thing since I was born. Oh, here are our young women. How did this accident happen to you, child? You are not hurt I hope; all your limbs are safe, no bones broke?

Beat. No, there are no bones broke; but look what a condition I'm in; I shall never be able to wear a stitch of these cloaths again.

D. Guz. Who the devil cares whether you are or not; what do you trouble me about your rags for, you paltry hussy, when I am enquiring after your mistress's safety? I say, my dear, you are not hurt?

Mar. No, Sir, no; not much hurt, but exceedingly terrified.

D. Guz.

D. Guz. Well, but ſtretch out your arms, and walk about, that I may be ſatisfied there are no fractures, or diſlocations.

Mart. There are none, Sir; pray let us go home as faſt as poſſible.

D. Guz. Ferdinand, take care of your couſin.

Ferd. Lean upon my arm, my dear, and fear nothing.

D. Guz. To talk to me about your dirty rags! *(croſſing Beatrice.)* Diego, ſirrah, how have you overturned the coach, you raſcal?

Coachm. Sir, if you'll have patience, I'll tell you the whole affair, from firſt to laſt; and if your honour finds me blameable in any manner of way—

Beat. He'll tell you he's drunk, Sir; but that he need not tell you, for it's eaſy enough to be ſeen.

Coachm. Don't you be in a paſſion, Mrs. Beatrice. I ſay, Sir, the fault of this here affair lay all entirely in the horſes; ſomebody gave the beaſts ſomething while I ſtep'd into the public houſe, I believe; for as ſoon as I got on the box again, I found I ſhould not be able to manage them.

D. Guz. Well, Mr. Dog, I tell you but this—

Coachm. Well, but hear me out, your honour; and if I don't make it as plain—

D. Ferd. Come, Sir, come; you ſee it's in vain to talk to him now, and my couſin wants to get out of the air. Advance, there, with a flambeau?

D. Guz. Well, I'll talk to him tomorrow to ſome purpoſe, and ſtrip his livery over his ears, I can tell him that; a careleſs, drunken, ſcoundrell. Go, ſomebody, and look after the horſes.

Coachm. Hold, hold; I'll go and look after them. Ge up, there.—This it is, to live under an arbitrary government; a man muſt not ſpeak in his own defence: I wiſh I had been born in England; a good ſervant there can bid his maſter drive his coach himſelf, if he does not like how he's driven.

(hiccups, and ſtaggers.) Its no comfort to get drunk in this ſaviſh country.

Scene *changes to a room, in* Aurora's *houſe.* Aurora *enters followed by* Leonarda.

Aur. Undone! ruined! and undone paſt redemption.

Leon. I wiſh I could ſay any thing to comfort you, Ma'am; but, Heaven help me, I can't: however, I think it would have been better, ſome how, if you had not writ that letter to Don Carlos, to deſire him to come back to Madrid; and ſince you did write it, it would have been better if he had not received it; and ſince he did receive it, it would have been better if he had not accepted the invitation.

Aur. What a marvellous diſcoverer you are; no doubt any of theſe things would have been better, as matters now ſtand; but who could divine that my brother would return from Naples without giving me any notice of his intention; and that he ſhould come at ſo critical a juncture?

Leon. Well, Ma'am, I can't help applauding my own ſurgacity, for I always thought your writing to Don Carlos would come to no good.

Aur. And why did you not ſay ſo pray? I'm ſure it was chiefly by your advice I did it.

Leon. Why yes, Ma'am, becauſe I ſaw you pining and languiſhing; and to be ſartin, I thought it a very genteel thing in Don Carlos to kill a gentleman for you, as no doubt it was; and I ſaid it would be very hard, if he ſhould ſuffer the law, which he muſt do, or live in baniſhment all his life, unleſs he could get his pardon; and how could he get his pardon ſo well, as by coming among his friends to partition for him; ſeeing the revengeful diſpoſition of Don Guzman and his family.

Aur. Well, let me hear no more of your prate, I beſeech you.

Leon.

Leon. Do you think, Ma'am, Don Carlos will be here to night?

Aur. I expected him laſt night, you know, and ſhall expect every moment 'till I hear farther from him.

Leon. And bleſs us all, what do you intend to do?

Aur. Aſk me no queſtions, I know not what to do.

Leon. Lord, Ma'am, there's no ſaying a word to you, you are ſo ill natur'd.

Aur. You have been able to pick nothing out of my brother's ſervant, you ſay, with regard to the buſineſs that has brought his maſter hither; there is certainly ſome myſtery in it.

Leon. That there is, Ma'am, as ſure as can be; you may ſee it by the manner he carries himſelf. And it's my opinion the ſervant, tho' he's ſo cloſe, knows more of the matter.

Aur. Softly, here is my brother.

Enter Don Pedro, *and a* Servant.

D. Ped. Give me a chair, and have my gown and ſlippers ready, I ſhall undreſs preſently.

Leon. (*In* Aurora's *ear.*) Mercy on us, how croſs he looks.

Aur. Good evening to you, Sir; you have been out a great deal to day, and I am afraid have fatigued yourſelf: why don't you reach my brother a chair?

D. Ped. Time enough, time enough. (*Throws himſelf into an arm chair*) Go you, Sir, and get me a glaſs of water: or ſtay, let it alone; I wont have any. (*clapping his hand on his forehead.*) Oh!

Aur. You ſeem uneaſy, Sir; has any thing happened to vex you while you were abroad?

D. Ped. Do you know of nothing that has happened which ought to vex me?

Aur. How can I poſſibly be acquainted with your concerns? Yet, to be plain with you, Sir, ſince you have ſtarted the ſubject, your unexpected coming

to Madrid, and your behaviour ever ſince yeſterday that you arrived here, has raiſed ſome doubts in my mind; and inclined me to ſuſpect, that ſomewhat more than ordinary has been the matter with you.

D. Ped. And you really can form no idea of what that ſomething more than ordinary ſhould be?

Aur. No, really.

D. Ped. You would be glad to know it, I preſume?

Aur. Moſt certainly.

D. Ped. Leonarda, and Lopez, leave the room.

Leon. (*Aſide.*) With all my heart; I am very glad to be out of the way. [*Exit.*

Don Pedro, Aurora.

D. Ped. (*Riſing.*) You know, ſiſter, when our father died, a very conſiderable ſucceſſion devolved to me: however, being then with my regiment at Naples, I did not come to take poſſeſſion, but left every thing to your care and management.

Aur. I hope, Sir, you have had no reaſon to repent—

D. Ped. Pray hear me out. This confidence in your diſcretion naturally led me to expect that you would keep a more than ordinary guard upon all your actions; on the contrary, however, I had repeated advice from hence, that the honour of our family was in imminent danger from your want of prudence; a friend in particular, writ me word, that, in the month of April laſt, you left your lodgings, with Don Alonzo de Ribbera; and that while you were walking together on the Prado, another cavalier came up, charged him ſword in hand, and killed him on the ſpot. In a word, it is this intelligence that has brought me here to Madrid. It is a duty I owe both to you, and myſelf, to find out the truth of theſe reports; and, if they prove authentic, it will be my duty, to take ſuch meaſures, as may prevent your running into the like diſorders for the future.

Aur.

Aur. It ſeems then, you give credit to the ſcandalous fable, upon the ſcent of which you have run ſo far.

D. Ped. I ſhall deal plainly with you. I have been this day, in every place, where I thought it poſſible to have my doubts ſatisfied by enquiry; particularly at Don Guzman's, whoſe unfortunate ſon periſhed in the rencounter with Don Carlos de Pimentel. But, upon the whole, I know not whether abſolutely to believe, or totally to diſcredit it. I find, both the young men, were known for your admirers; and the report certainly ran, that you were the lady preſent at their fatal diſpute; however, being veiled, in the confuſion that enſued upon Don Alonzo's falling, the woman, whoever ſhe was, eſcaped without being poſitively known.

Aur. Well then, Sir, I give you my word, and I expect you will rely upon it, that, whatever wicked, and idle ſtories might be propagated, I was not the lady preſent, when the two cavaliers you mention fought. What! can you ſuppoſe that I would go to walk on the Prado without an attendant; that I would ſuffer gentlemen to follow me there; and, above all, that I would be the occaſion of a duel? Whoever wrote you ſuch an account of me, ought to be puniſhed for an impoſtor.

Enter Leonarda.

Leon. Don Ferdinard, Sir, the nephew of Don Guzman de Ribbera, is below; and deſires to be admitted to you.

D. Ped. Don Ferdinand! ſhew him up.

Leon. (calling at the door.) Shew the gentleman up, Lopez.

D. Ped. Siſter, retire into the next room for a few minutes; and I deſire that what has juſt now paſſed between us, may go no farther to any one.

Leon. (Softly, as they go out,) Well, Ma'am, what was it he had to tell you?

Aur.

Aur. Oh, Leonarda, he knows all.

Leon. What, Ma'am, does he know the hiſtory of the wainſcot?

Aur. Huſh! not that, thank Heaven; but every thing elſe.

Don Pedro, Don Ferdinand.

D. Fer. Don Pedro, I rejoice to find you.

D. Ped. Your air ſpeaks a mind in agitation; what's the matter?

D. Fer. You came to-day to my uncle's, to aſk about the melancholy affair, in which my couſin, Don Alonzo, was killed by Don Carlos de Pimentel; I then told you all I knew of the matter, and that the aſſaſſin had eſcaped to Portugal.

D. Ped. Well.

D. Fer. Well, I was miſtaken; Don Carlos is at this moment in this very town of Madrid.

D. Ped. How do you know?

D. Fer. About an hour ago, my couſin Marcella and her maid, were overturned in a coach, juſt by my uncle's houſe; going out to their aſſiſtance, we met two men, who endeavoured to ſhun us; coming back, we croſſed them again; and, by the light of the flambeaux, which fell directly on their faces, I ſaw and knew one of them to be Don Carlos. I immediately gave a ſervant the word, and he has dogged him, and his man, to a little inn, where they put up two mules, they had with them; and on which, they appeared to be juſt come off a journey.

D. Ped. You are poſitive you ſaw Don Carlos?

D. Fer. I am as poſitive it was he, as that I this moment ſee you.—Now, as I am ſhortly to be married to my couſin, it is highly incumbent upon me to render myſelf acceptable to my uncle; and, I am certain, I can do nothing more likely to pleaſe him, than taking vengeance on the man who kill'd his ſon. I therefore expect that you will lend me your

your aſſiſtance upon ſo intereſting an occaſion, and accompany me to the place where the ſervant is ready to lead us: either to ſee that I have no foul play done me in an aſſault; or to help me to ſeize the delinquent, and give him over to the officers of juſtice.

D. Ped. I will moſt willingly do what you deſire; and am particularly glad of an opportunity to be your ſecond, in an affair in which I conſider myſelf already as a party concerned—Lopez, my ſword—Is your man now below?

D. Fer. He waits at the door to conduct us.

D. Ped. Tell my ſiſter, I ſhall be in again preſently.

Leonarda, *a footman*, Aurora *indiſpoſed.*

Leon. (*running in.*) Help, help; oh, my lady! my lady!

Foot. What's the matter?

Leon. Donna Aurora is taken ill———Come, Lopez, come and aſſiſt me to recover her——— Oh, here ſhe is—Smell to this bottle, Ma'am——— (*giving her a little phial*)—Bleſs my heart, ſuch a ſudden thing; if it has not given me a pain all down my back!

Aur. Some harſh words my brother ſaid to me juſt now, had ſuch an effect upon my weak ſpirits: but I'm a great deal better——You may leave us, Lopez—(*ſits down.*)—ſhut the door.

Leon. Dear Ma'am, try to compoſe yourſelf.

Aur. What have we heard, Leonarda, what have we heard!

Leon. Very terrible things, to be ſure, Ma'am.

Aur. Don Carlos is arrived at Madrid, and my brother is gone to kill, or deliver him up to juſtice. I ſhould have called them back——fallen at their feet—Oh, cruel, cruel ſtroke, of his and my adverſe fortune.

Leon. Well but, Ma'am, there may be ſome miſtake;

miſtake; and, after all, I think, if Don Carlos was actually come to Madrid, he would have been here before now; for conſider the danger of his being ſeen.

Aur. Did you hear them ſay he was juſt arriv'd—Oh, too ſure, too ſure he is come; and they are gone to deſtroy him!

Leon. (*A bell rings faintly.*) Hiſt, Ma'am, hiſt!

Aur. What ails you?

Leon. Hark!

Aur. How now!

Leon. (*Bell rings again.*) As I hope to be ſav'd, I heard the little bell ring below; he's come here, and is now at the garden-door. [*runs out.*

Aur. Fly quick, good Leonarda, fly—If this be ſo, I am yet happy; and may ſtill preſerve him from the malice of his enemies. [*follows* Leonarda.

Re-enter Aurora, Leonarda, Don Carlos, *and* Muſkato.

D. Car. Beautiful Aurora, let me kiſs your hand; I find myſelf alive, but in the pleaſure of ſeeing you once again.

Muſk. I ſalute you too, ſweet Signora Leonarda—but your lips, if you pleaſe; for I am not ſo eaſily ſatisfied as my maſter.

Aur. You cannot think how rejoiced I am to ſee you, at this moment: yet, I fear, the aſylum I have to offer you, will not prove ſo much to our wiſhes, as my letters to Portugal made you hope; for my brother arrived here, from Italy, yeſterday.

D. Car. Your brother!

Aur. I had no notice of his coming; otherwiſe, you may be ſure, I ſhould have apprized you, that you might have deferred your journey, at leaſt, for ſome time.

Muſk. I thought Don Pedro had been with the Spaniſh regiments at Naples.

Leon. He was; but, wou'd you believe it, ſome devil

devil wrote him word of your master's duel with Don Alonzo; and that they quarrell'd about my lady: and he's come here for no verſal purpoſe, but to find out the truth of it.

D. Car. It will be impoſſible for me to ſtay in your houſe then.

Aur. Why ſo?——The accident of my brother's coming, may, for ſome time, put you in a diſagreeable ſituation, but not in a deſperate one; I have prepared a retreat for you, where his utmoſt cunning will never be able to find you.

Muſk. Ay, Ma'am, but the conſtables——

Leon. Nor they, neither—hear my lady out.

Aur. This houſe conſiſts, like many others in Madrid, but of two ſtories: the upper, I occupy myſelf; the lower, which, on my father's death, I found I had no occaſion for, I let to one Octavio, a wine-merchant: on this diviſion of the building, a back ſtair-caſe, which made the communication between the two ſtories, with a ſmall cloſet adjoining, became uſeleſs; and, by mutual conſent, was ſtopped up, by a partition on the ſide of the apartment below, as well as on this. When I had thoughts of bringing you back to Madrid, it occurred to me, that the partition on my ſide might again be ſecretly opened, and prepared in ſuch a manner, as would effectually ſcreen you from any ſearch, ſhould it ever be ſuſpected that you were in the houſe: accordingly, the thing is done, *(going to the back ſcene, ſhe lifts up a pannel, which diſcovers the head of a ſtair-caſe)* and this moveable pannel, will, when you pleaſe, admit you into a place of ſecurity; and, when faſtened on the inſide——

D. Car. Excuſe me, Ma'am, I have too grateful a ſenſe of your kindneſs, to avail myſelf of a retreat, which muſt expoſe you. In this emergency, the moſt ſimple way is to return to the place from whence I came.

Muſk. That's my advice, Sir; let us go to the

inn directly, take our mules, o'God's name, and ſet off.—Ladies, my maſter, and I, have the honour of wiſhing you all health and happineſs.

Aur. Oh, hold! Don Carlos, you muſt not go to the inn, unleſs you have a mind to run into the jaws of inevitable deſtruction.

D. Car. Why ſo?

Aur. You have, by ſome accident or other, been ſeen, ſince you came to Madrid, by young Ferdinand, the nephew of Don Guzman de Ribbera. His ſervant dogg'd you to your inn; and he, and my brother, are juſt gone in ſearch of you.

Muſk. This comes of your not putting on the maſk you bought at Salamanca, as I adviſ'd you. Why, Sir, will you be ſo obſtinate?

Leon. (a knocking at the door.) Oh, Heavens, Ma'am, your brother knocks.

D Car. Don't be alarmed; we have arms to defend ourſelves.

Muſk. (getting behind his maſter.) No, no, ladies, don't be alarmed.

Aur. Talk not of defence, I beſeech you; but in pity to me, and out of regard to yourſelf, go into the place I have ſhewn you for this night: my brother will certainly go out early in the morning; and we will then conſult together for your better and ſafer accommodation.

Muſk. What the lady ſays, Sir, is juſt and reaſonable—I have conſidered the matter; and, if you don't do it, I'll give myſelf up to juſtice immediately, and try to be admitted king's evidence.

D. Car. I'll do any thing for your ſafety.

Aur. For my ſafety be it then.

Leon. Here, here, get you in. The cloſet's on the left hand, where you'll find a bed and a pallet: we'll be ſure to come to you early in the morning; and, in the mean time, for your lives, don't come out upon any account whatſoever.

Aur.

Aur. No, upon no account.——Come, let us go into the next room.

Muſk. (lifting up the pannel.) Hip, Signora Leonarda, won't you leave us a bottle, and a cruſt?

Leon. Feel in the cloſet.

Scene changes to an anti-chamber in the ſame houſe.

Don Pedro *enters, ſheathing his ſword, followed by* Don Ferdinand.

D. Ped. So, at length we are got into, at leaſt, a temporary ſhelter. Did you take notice whether any one purſued us?

D. Fer. I know not that; but I heard your name mentioned, more than once, by the crowd that gathered about us.

D. Ped. What do you here? Why don't you get to your own houſe?

D. Fer. You cannot think me capable of ſuch baſeneſs: I have been the innocent means of drawing you into this misfortune; you were known, though I was not; and I will either ſee you out of danger, or partake it with you.

D. Ped. Who is the perſon we have wounded?

D. Fer. I think ſome one ſaid, the ſecretary of the Duke of Medina Sidonia.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Signor Octavio, the wine-merchant below, deſires to ſpeak to you.

Enter Octavio.

Oct. I underſtand, Don Pedro, you have had a ſcuffle in the ſtreet; you are known; and the perſon you have wounded, is the Duke of Medina Sidonia himſelf; who was going, incog. to the lodgings of a courtezan, in the quarter where you aſſaulted him.

D. Ped. Fatal accident!—the Duke himſelf!

Oct. As a neighbour, and friend to your family, I am come to adviſe you to abſcond without delay. The Duke's relations are proud and vindictive; and ſhould he die, the worſt conſequences are to be apprehended. In my opinion, indeed, you ought to take every thing belonging to you out of theſe apartments directly; for, depend upon it, as ſoon as an order can be procured from court, the officers of the police will be here; and, find who or what they will, they'll ſeize all without mercy.

D. Fer. Why do you ſtand like one confounded? Do you not hear what Signor Octavio ſays? You and your family muſt be gone from hence; I will ſtay behind, and ſee your goods removed with all poſſible diligence.

Oct. What is moſt valuable, may be put into my warehouſe, in half an hour: and if Don Pedro will commit the key of his apartments to my charge, I will do my utmoſt to quaſh whatever enquiries may be made after him.

D. Ped. Get a coach to the door, and call hither my ſiſter and her maid; I muſt diſpoſe of them in ſafety, the firſt thing I do.——My dear friend, had not you cried out, "That is the man," when you ſaw the perſon muffled coming towards us, I ſhould not have drawn my ſword upon him.

D. Fer. The fault was entirely the Duke's: had he diſcovered, inſtead of preparing to defend, himſelf, when he was called on to ſurrender, we ſhould have acknowledged our error, and deſired his pardon.

Enter Aurora *and* Leonarda; Octavio, *at the ſame time, going out, and afterwards returning with ſervants, to whom he appears to give directions about unfurniſhing the houſe.*

Aur. What are your commands, Sir?

D. Ped. To tell you, wretched creature, that you were born for my deſtruction, as well as my diſhonour:

nour: had not your miſconduct brought me to Madrid, I might have eſcaped what has this night happened?

Aur. Why, what has happened?

D. Ped. Don Ferdinand came hither juſt now; to deſire I would accompany him on an affair of honour, but we have miſſed the perſon we went in ſearch of, and by miſtake aſſaulted another, who proves to be the duke of Medina Sidonia.

Aur. Well, Sir, and what—

D. Ped. I muſt withdraw immediately to a place of ſafety; think not however, I will leave you any more at your own diſpoſal, to add infamy to my misfortunes; a coach is already ſent for, and late as it is, before we part, I will ſee you and your maid ſafely lodged with our couſin Matilda, abbeſs of the Urſuline nunnery.

Aur. Sir!

D. Ped. I do not want to argue the matter with you: I have told you that my ſafety requires I ſhould abſent myſelf; and I will not leave you behind.

Leon. I'm ſure I'll not go into a nunnery.

D. Ped. Then I'm ſure you ſhall go into the ſtreet.

[*A knocking is heard, and a man comes with a ſtep-ladder, which he ſets againſt the back-ſcene, to take down a picture.*]

Aur. Heav'n's and earth! what are theſe people doing?

D. Ped. Aſk no queſtions; whatever is done is neceſſary.

Aur. Well but, Sir, I can't ſtir any where to-night.

D. Ped. By Heav'ns, you muſt, and ſhall! The coach now ſtops at the door; and no where will I ſuffer you to go out of this place, but into it.

Leon. Oh, Lord, Ma'am, what will become of Don Carlos!———

D. Ped.

D. Ped. (*Partly overbearing.*) Eh! how! what will become of them?

Leon. Nothing, Sir, nobody, I am only going for my lady's veil.

D. Ped. The night's dark enough to hide her face without it. Come back here, Miſtreſs: open the door there: come, give me both your hands (*ſeezing them both, one in each hand:*) nay, no ſtruggling.

Aur. Well but, Sir, brother, let me ſpeak to you. Was ever ſo unfortunate a creature!

Leon. Don't pull me, Sir.

D. Ped. Follow me quietly then. Signor Octavio, I leave every thing to your prudent management: You, Don Ferdinand, ſhall hear from me. Why, ſiſter, will you expoſe yourſelf, by this extravagant behaviour?

Aur. Kill me, rather than—

Leon. Ah! (*he forces them out.*)

Oct. (*to the ſervant*) Make what haſte you can to get out the furniture, and let us lock up the doors immediately.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The room in Aurora's *apartments, in which is the moveable partition. The room appears unfurniſhed;* Don Carlos *lifts up the pannel, and afterwards comes out, followed by* Muſkato.

D. Car. IT muſt certainly be day-light.

Muſ. Day-light! Zounds, Sir, what do you talk of? Its nearer noon than ſun-riſe: here's a clock that never fails me (*ſtriking his belly*;) and,

if

if we have not been in this rat-hole thirteen hours, by any meaſurer of time in Caſtile, I'll be content to be carried from hence to Mexico, ſtowed in a beer barrel.

D. Car. Surely, Aurora has forgot us; and yet that's impoſſible too: let us advance a little; gently, every thing's very quiet, Muſkato; they are certainly aſleep ſtill.

Muſ. May be ſo, Sir; I can only ſay they are ſlugabeds then; and that they lie longer in a morning, than people who regard their health ought to do.

D. Car. Did not you hear ſomebody's voice?

Muſ. Yes, a man in the ſtreet, crying birch-brooms.

D. Car. But, ſure, Muſkato, either my eyes deceive me, or this is not the room we were in laſt night.

Muſ. The room! Stay, why no; where the devil's all the furniture? I think there were pictures, and chairs, and glaſſes—

D. Car. There were, no doubt.

Muſ. And, if I remember right, theſe walls were hung with tapeſtry.

D. Car. Go to the door, and call ſoftly.

Muſ. (*on tiptoe*) Hiſt, hiſt, Leonarda!

D. Car. Have a care, Muſkato.

Muſ. (*louder*) Leonarda! (*louder ſtill*) Leona—

D. Car. Is the fellow bewitch'd? You'll raiſe the houſe upon us.

Muſ. Not I, indeed, Sir; for, in my opinion, there's nobody in the houſe to be raiſed: I fancy they have left us tenants at large: let's ſee a little farther (*putting in his head at a door.*) Hey dey! I believe we have had an auction here laſt night; if ſo, the bidders were obliged to take the goods off the premiſes as ſoon as purchas'd.

D. Car. What extravagancies are you uttering?

Muſ. Or, perhaps, a gang of houſe-breakers broke

broke in: they underſtood their buſineſs to a nicety, upon my word; for they ſeem not to have left ſo much as a joint-ſtool behind them.

D. Car. Come from thence.

Muſ. Nay, Sir, do you rather come here, and judge for yourſelf. If ever I ſaw a room cleaner picked to the walls, I wiſh I may be ſhot. From the ſilence too, one ſhould imagine the family lie murder'd in their beds; in which caſe we have had a lucky eſcape.

D. Car. There was a remarkable diſturbance in the houſe, ſoon after we were ſhut up, that we both took notice of.

Muſ. Knocking and hammering, I remember it, Sir; and it was then, I ſuppoſe, that they were making conveyance of the goods and chattles.

D. Car. Aurora and her maid charged us not to ſtir.

Muſ. I wanted to get up for all that, Sir.

D. Car. This is the moſt extraordinary thing I ever met with.

Muſ. Hold, Sir, I find a certain boldneſs, or courage, come upon me; it may be owing to hunger; but no matter: I will venture forth to explore the contiguous apartments, and make you acquainted with my diſcoveries. I hope, at leaſt, they have left us a little bread and water.

Don Carlos *alone.*

I feel a ſudden alarm and terror, which I am unable to account for. This room has certainly been unfurniſh'd during the night; and for what purpoſe? Something more than ordinary it muſt be owing to; and, perhaps, the deſign may be treaſon againſt me; yet, how againſt me? How is it poſſible? But there's no time for reflection; at any rate it will be impolitic in me to remain in a place, under ſuch ſuſpicious circumſtances. Muſkato! Muſkato! (*calling*) I'll draw my ſword; and, if any one attempts to oppoſe our paſſage—

Enter Muſkato.

Muſ. What's the matter with you, Sir?

D. Car. Let us go from hence directly.

Muſ. How, through the key-holes? The doors are all double locked.

D. Car. By the windows then.

Muſ. They have bars, on the outſide, as thick as mill-poſts.

D. Car. Is there nobody in the houſe?

Muſ. Not a creature, except ourſelves; nor a cranny left for a fly to get out at. I have been all through the rooms; and every thing's gone that they could conveniently carry off: in the kitchen, however, I found a few dry cruſts; here they are; 'tis true I might conceal them for my own eating; but, friends in affliction ſhould be generous to one another.

D. Car. I am in amaze!

Muſ. Will you have a bit, Sir?

D. Car. Certainly, was a man to rack his imagination, in order to conceive a more ſingular adventure, it would be hardly poſſible to do it. Aurora invites me hither, ſecure in the abſence of her brother; he unexpectedly arrives a day before me; ſhe ſhuts me up in a cloſet, againſt my will, to hide me from him; and, in a few hours that I am in the houſe, it is totally turned upſide down; and I am left alone in it, without ſo much as a paſſage by which I can make my eſcape.

Muſ. "We'll, be ſure to come to you early in in the morning; and, in the mean time, for your lives don't come out upon any account whatever." (*daſhing his hat upon the ground*) Oh!

D. Car. What fury poſſeſſes you?

Muſ. Theſe, Sir, as I take it, you may remember to have been the words that iſſued, laſt night, from the ſweet lips of our good natured friends,

and benefactreſſes, when they were ſhoving us into the hole there.

D. Car. Well what would you infer from thence? You don't ſuſpect Aurora of perfidy; conſider what joy ſhe teſtify'd upon ſeeing us.

Muſ. To be ſure, Sir, her ſnare was not laid for nothing; and ſhe was glad to have us fall into it.

D. Car. Then, was ever conſternation more ſtrongly painted than hers, when ſhe thought I ſhould meet her brother, who was gone out in purſuit of me?

Muſ. All a lye; ſhe ſaw we were likely to eſcape, and trumpt up that ſtory to make ſure of us; but pray, Sir, look round, and give me leave to aſk you one ſimple queſtion; for what reaſon do you think Don Pedro, or ſomebody elſe, has unfurniſhed this houſe ſo ſuddenly?

D. Car. I can't imagine.

Muſ. Now, to me, it is as clear as the ſun at noon-day: having you in their power, and being determined to ſacrifice you, they mov'd off the goods beforehand, that they might not be expoſed to confiſcation.

D. Car. I had formerly a maſter-key to this houſe; but, when I was going to Portugal, I gave it back to Aurora: little did I think I ſhould ever come to ſtand in ſuch need of it.

Muſ. Well but, Sir, a truce with complaining, and let us conſider what's to be done; for, as I take it, active meaſures will be neceſſary.

D. Car. I ſee but one means for our delivery.

Muſ. Give me a glympſe of it, for I am ſo thick ſighted of myſelf that I can diſcover never a one.

D. Car. The apartment below is occupied by a merchant; I will diſcover myſelf to him: it is better to run the riſk of that confidence than to ſtay here to be aſſaſſinated.

Muſ. And how ſhall we contrive to make this merchant acquainted with our diſtreſs?

D. Car.

D. Car. By knocking at the partition at the foot of the ſtair-caſe.

Muſ. Well but, ſtay, Sir, don't go about things hand over head; what if, at the firſt ſtroke, this merchant, and his people, ſhould take us for thieves, break in upon us at once, and knock us on the head? Or, take it another way, ſuppoſe they ſhould call the conſtables, before we have an opportunity to explain ourſelves? In our preſent ſituation, I apprehend we ſhould not be better off.

D. Car. (*advancing, and ſtopping ſhort*) Hold, Muſkato! did not you hear a noiſe?

Muſ. Yes, a damnable one (*a noiſe without.*) I'm afraid its all over with us.

D. Car. The noiſe comes from the great door below; it is in the ſtreet.

Muſ. I'll go then—

D. Car. Stop, blockhead—

Muſ. And tell them we have not the key.

D. Car. Stay were you are (*noiſe again.*)

Muſ. If I miſtake not egregiouſly, they are ſtriving to break in (*the noiſe increaſes;*) let me juſt go to the door, and peep through the key-hole.

D. Car. Do ſo.

Muſ. (*returning*) Oh, Sir!

D. Car. How now!

Muſ. We are undone!

D. Car. What do you fall upon your knees for? Is the fellow mad? Stand up, and tell me what you have ſeen: who's at the door?

Muſ. Fifty!

D. Car. What?

Muſ. Serjeants of mace, and catchpoles, armed with bludgeons, and muſkets (*noiſe again*) don't you hear them breaking open the door?

D. Car. Once, again, I deſire you to ſtand up.

Muſ. Yes, yes, we're done for (*noiſe again.*)

D. Car. They are breaking open the door, ſure enough, whoever they are.

Muſ. They are what I tell you; I ſaw them with my eyes; and they are ſent by that villain, Don Pedro, to take us alive. You will probably be put to the torture: take my advice; here's one of my garters; you'll find a hook behind the wainſcot——

D. Car. Good Heavens! Can I ſuſpect a gentleman, like Don Pedro, of a proceeding ſo baſe as this?

Muſ. A lady and a gentleman too, Sir; Don Pedro and Donna Aurora; the devil a barrel the better herring; and the waiting-woman too: they are all in the plot.

D. Car. The door opens; what ſhall we do?

Muſ. I'll go up the kitchen chimney.

D. Car. No, let us rather retire to our hiding place, and barricade ourſelves as well as we can. I will ſell my life as dear as poſſible.

Enter Octavio, *and ſeveral officers; ſome of whom diſperſe themſelves about the ſtage.*

Oct. Come in, gentlemen, come in, and welcome; but why force the door? I had the key in my poſſeſſion, and would have willingly opened it for you.

1ſt. Off. I act in the king's name, and give no account.

Oct. You'll tell me what you want, I ſuppoſe?

1ſt Off. I am not obliged to do that either, unleſs I like it: however, ſince you are curious about the matter, I want a gentleman, called Don Pedro Pacheco; my people underſtand theſe are his lodgings; and, laſt night, he wounded a gentleman in the ſtreet.

Oct. Don Pedro Pachedo!

1ſt. Off. Ay, ay; you know him well enough.

Oct.

Oct. I knew a ſiſter of his, who had theſe lodgings; but, as you may ſee, ſhe has been gone from them ſome time.

1ſt. Off. (*to his people*) Well, have you found any one?

2d. Off. No, not any thing; there's ſome miſtake, or they have been too cunning for us.

Oct. I aſſure you, gentlemen, you may credit what I ſay.

1ſt. Off. Don't tell me of crediting; I have a warrant, and muſt enquire.

Enter Don Guzman.

D. Guz. Signor Octavio, a word with you (*taking off his hat, and making a low bow to the Officers.*) Worthy gentlemen, I beg your pardon (*draws* Octavio *aſide.*) What are you doing with theſe hell-hounds here? Arn't you about an affair that I am acquainted with?

Oct. (*aſide to* Don Guzman) I can't tell that, Sir; I am endeavouring to ſerve a friend of mine, who has had a rencounter——

D. Guz. I know what you are going to ſay—the Duke of Medina; is not it ſo? You underſtand me. I'll put an end to all this in a minute for you. Who do you look for here, Mr. Alguazil?

1ſt Off. A gentleman, call'd Don Pedro Pacheco.

D. Guz. You know me, don't you?

1ſt. Off. Yes, ſure, very well, Don Guzman.

D. Guz. Well then, upon my credit, do you mark me, that Don Pedro you look for, is not here; I knew him when he was a child, no higher than my cane; and he has been in Conſtantinople theſe three quarters of a year.

Oct. In Italy you mean, Don Guzman.

D. Guz. In Italy, ſo he has; I thought he had been among the Turks; but it's the ſame thing. Here's a couple of doubloons for you, Mr. Alguazil: give him two doubloons Octavio. I am ſorry to ſee officers of juſtice, who ſhould be characters

of reſpect, and reverence, made laughing ſtocks of; you have been abuſed by ſomebody here, in order to laugh at you; ſo get about your buſineſs, as faſt as you can.

1ſt. Off. To be ſure, Don Guzman, ſince you ſay the gentleman is not here, we'll take your word. Come along, comrades.

Don Guzman, Octavio.

D. Guz. I deſired you to give him a couple of doubloons, Octavio, becauſe you may get them from Don Pedro again.

Oct. I find then, Sir, your nephew has—

D. Guz. I know what you are going to ſay; yes, my nephew has told me all, but not a word to any one elſe in our houſe; if my daughter was to hear it, ſhe would fall into fits, ſhe was ſo fond of her brother, and is ſo fond of her couſin: beſides, being of a tender and delicate diſpoſition, which ſhe inherits from her mother—

Oct. But, pray, Sir, don't you ſuppoſe that Don Ferdinand might be miſtaken, in imagining he ſaw Don Carlos, the gentleman who was ſo unfortunate as to kill your ſon?

D. Guz. Why, I'm afraid ſo, I'm afraid ſo, indeed, my dear friend: but don't talk to me of that, becauſe it makes me melancholy.

Oct. I have received a letter this morning, from Don Pedro, to deſire I would endeavour to lett theſe apartments: I don't know how to proceed, but I fancy the beſt way will be, to put a bill upon the outſide door.

D. Guz. Why, I am come to talk to you about that; my nephew has received a letter from him too. I ſuppoſe you would give this tenement a bargain, to any one, that would take it off your hands?

Oct. To be ſure, Sir, on an occaſion like this—I

D. Guz. You would be glad to take any thing you

you could get; isn't that what you were going to say? Why, you're in the right; and I should be sorry, Don Pedro, who is a neighbour's child, received any injury by his civility to us: so, if twenty dollars a month will be a sufficient rent, I will even hire the premisses for my own use, and take possession directly.

Oct. Surely, Sir, twenty dollars are too little.

D. Guz. Well, but consider, it's doing the young man a favour, and I put myself to some inconvenience: besides, I won't give a half-penny more.

Oct. Then, Sir, it is needless to dispute.

D. Guz. How many rooms are there?

Oct. Will you see them?

D. Guz. No, it is not the first time I have been here; besides, I settled with my nephew how the thing was to be, before I came out.

Oct. I suppose, Sir, you intend entering to day?

D. Guz. You think belike, seeing my family in the house, would prevent further enquiries, and satisfy the Police, that Don Pedro—

Oct. I really think, Sir, that, as your chief motive for taking the apartment, is to serve Don Pedro, the sooner you and your family come into it, the better.

D. Guz. I am of that opinion too, and as very luckily my time is just up where I now lodge, and I want some larger rooms, in consequence of my daughter's marriage, which I shall shortly celebrate; I am this moment preparing to move the furniture from one place to the other, and shall send to you for the key, within this half hour.

Oct. You will oblige me, Don Guzman, by charging yourself with the key now; for having a small vineyard near town, I have shut up my place below, and sent all my servants, men and women, to work there.

D. Guz. And you want to go yourself, is it not so?

Oct. I thought of setting off before this, and staying

staying for the remainder of the week, had not Don Pedro's affairs detained me.

D. Guz. Well, well, go your ways, and mind your business; I'll take the key from you. (*looking round, as he is going out.*) Let me see; was it twenty, or fifteen dollars a month, we talked of?

Off. Twenty, Sir, you offered.

D. Guz. Twenty! Are you sure?

Off. Upon my word, Sir.

D. Guz. Well, but that's too much for bare walls; however, my nephew shall speak to Don Pedro, about some abatement.

Don Carlos, Muskato.

Musk. (*looking after them.*) They are gone out again, and have locked the door upon us.

D. Car. Did you hear all that has passed, Muskato?

Musk. Yes, Sir, every word of it; but don't grow desperate upon that account, things are not so bad as we expected; this is a respite at least, if not a reprieve.

D. Car. A respite! Has not Don Guzman taken this house over my head, and am I not by that means in the hands of my most cruel and avowed enemy?

Musk. Yes, Sir, but he does not know you are in his hands; and by some fortunate means or other, you may, perhaps, contrive to slip thro' his fingers.

D. Car. To compleat my misfortune too, the merchant below is gone out, with his family, and has shut up his doors; so that my retreat is stopped that way.

Musk. For my part, I'm stupified; my crusts are gone, my hunger remains, and I could drink aqua-fortis.

D. Car. But, come, Muskato, never let us be conquered by the persecutions of fate; let us try if we cannot help ourselves.

Musk. You may try, what you will; for my part, I can do nothing.

D. Car. By forcing the lock of the door, we may get out before our enemy returns, more effectually to ſtop our paſſage: I know the danger of ſhewing myſelf at this hour in the ſtreets, but—

Muſ. Oh, Sir, nothing is ſo dangerous as ſtaying here; if we can get out; ſo, pray let us force the door; I have broke a lock before now, upon a leſs juſtifiable occaſion; and if you'll lend me your aſſiſtance, I'll do my endeavour to maſter this—(*goes out.*)

D. Car. I wiſh I had ſome better weapon than the hilt of my ſword; however, what we want in proper inſtruments, we muſt endeavour to ſupply with ſtrength. (*going to follow* Muſkato.)

Muſ. (*returning in a fright.*) Quick, Sir, quick; get back to the ſtair-caſe.

D. Car. What's the matter?

Muſ. Don Guzman's people are in the houſe; come here, and hide yourſelf, and aſk no queſtions (*get behind the pannel.*)

Enter Beatrice, *and* Lazarillo.

Beat. And ſo, theſe are the lodgings we are in ſuch a hurry to leave our old one's for?

Laz. Ay; how do you like them?

Beat. Like them, not at all; I never ſaw ſuch a battered barrack in my days; who could build the dog-hole? In the firſt place, that door has not common ſenſe in it; then the ſtairs are the wrong way, and ſo ſteep, and narrow, that they are like a ladder to get into a cock loft: and the windows! mercy on us, what pidgeon holes; and a mile and a half from the ground.

Laz. Ay, there's the fault; you want to be gaping and ſtaring into the ſtreet.

Beat. Lazarillo, run to the old gentleman, and tell him, if he has not already ſigned the agreement, he muſt by no means take this houſe, till the landlord engages to alter the door, turn the

ſtair-caſe the contrary way, and enlarge the windows.

Laz. Pray, Mrs. Beatrice, carry your own meſſages, I have ſomething elſe to do. A load of furniture will be below preſently, which muſt be placed in the apartments, within this half hour.

Beat. I hear a coach; ſure it is not my lady already?

Laz. But it is tho'; you had better tell her you don't like the houſe.

Beat. So I ſhall, I promiſe you.

Laz. I don't doubt it; you have aſſurance ſufficient——

Beat. Aſſurance, indeed! I love you for that with all my heart.—

Enter Marcella.

La', Ma'am, you are in great haſte; I did not expect to ſee you theſe three hours.

Marc. I ſet out to oblige my father; nothing would ſatisfy him, but I muſt come directly, to ſee the apartments, and diſpoſe of the furniture according to my own fancy.

Beat. Furniture, Ma'am! I'm ſure it's a pity to put any into them; if the kennel was mine, I ſhould think of nothing but pulling it down, and ſelling the rubbiſh to the beſt bidder.

Laz. Mrs. Beatrice is difficult to pleaſe, Ma'am.

Mar. So ſhe is indeed, Lazarillo; the building looks very well on the outſide, and, as far as I can perceive, promiſes to be very convenient within.

Beat. Yes, Ma'am, if hounds were to live in it.

Marc. My father tells me, Lazarillo, that it is to pleaſe your maſter, he takes theſe lodgings; and I ſuppoſe it is by his deſire that we come to them ſo ſuddenly. Do you know the reaſon of Don Ferdinand's extraordinary attachment?

Laz. Why, Ma'am, I'm generally pretty well acquainted with my maſter's ſecrets.

Mar.

Mar. I beg your pardon; I did not know it was any ſecret, or I ſhould not have aſked.

Laz. Oh, Ma'am there's no ſecret; that is to ſay, no abſolute ſecret: but, as far as this here, Ma'am, the air and ſituation, I believe——

Beat. In ſhort, Ma'am, Signor Lazarillo is a perſon who ſeldom chuſes to ſeem ignorant of any thing. —Did your maſter ever tell you why he liked theſe lodgings?

Laz. I can't ſay he ever did.

Beat. Then you can give my lady no ſatisfaction as to her queſtion.

Laz. Well, Mrs. Beatrice, I did not ſpeak to you.

Mar. Never mind her, Lazarillo, but go and take care of thoſe things I brought in the coach.

Marcella, Beatrice.

Mar. Ah, Beatrice!

Beat. Ay, Ma'am, here I am.

Mar. Pity me.

Beat. Bleſs my ſoul, Ma'am, for what?

Mar. I feel myſelf very unhappy.

Beat. O fye, Ma'am, to tell me ſo, on the eve of your marriage, as it were.

Mar. 'Tis the thought of that makes me melancholy.

Beat. Is it, indeed? I'm ſure then, Ma'am, you and I are of very different diſpoſitions—I wiſh I was going to be married; the deuce a thing ſhou'd I think of, but what wou'd make me very glad.

Mar. How, Beatrice! ſuppoſe you were going to ſet out upon a journey, which preſented you with the moſt beautiful proſpect; but, on the firſt advances you made, you found yourſelf on the brink of a precipice, what would you do?

Beat. A very great precipice, do you mean; or, only a little ſort of a declivity?

Mar. Pſhaw! I'm not in a jeſting humour.

Beat. Well, but, Ma'am, let me underſtand you.——You aſk me, if I was going to ſet out on a journey, which preſented me with the moſt beautiful proſpect; and, on the firſt advances I made, I found myſelf on the brink of a precipice——what I wou'd do?

Mar. Ay.

Beat. Why then, Ma'am, I'll tell you——In caſe it was not a very ugly precipice indeed, I wou'd muſter up all my ſtrength—ſhut my eyes, ſo—and give a great jump.

Mar. I told you before, that it was no ſubject to turn into ridicule. In ſhort, Beatrice, my couſin, Don Ferdinand——

Beat. (*ſtopping her miſtreſs.*) He's here, Ma'am.

Enter Don Ferdinand.

D. Fer. How happy am I, to arrive at a moment when you pronounce my name!—I have the pleaſure to know then, that you do ſometimes condeſcend to think of me in my abſence.

Mar. I know not whether that ſhould give you pleaſure, or not.

D. Fer. To live in your remembrance, muſt do ſo; we naturally think of thoſe we love.

Mar. We ſometimes think too little of thoſe we ought to love.

D. Fer. Can that cruel reflection be deſign'd for me?

Mar. I am at a loſs to anſwer you, perhaps—but I had juſt begun to talk to Beatrice, when your coming into the room, interrupted me—I will take up the diſcourſe again, if you pleaſe; and finiſh what I was going to ſay to her.

D. Fer. I am content.

Beat. Stand there then, Sir; and we'll proceed in our diſcourſe, as if you were fifty miles off—Come, Ma'am, begin.

Mar. I ſay then, Beatrice, my couſin, Don Ferdinand,

dinand, no doubt, imagines that marriage is a diſpenſation from the ſubaltern duties, exacted by complaiſance, ſince he already begins to fail in thoſe marks of tenderneſs and regard, I expected to find from him—he forgets that love is nouriſhed by attention; and, that the ſlighteſt negligence, kills it—Yeſterday evening I went to the Prado—Don Ferdinand ſtayed behind—I was in danger of my life—Don Ferdinand, indeed, came to my aſſiſtance; but not till I had been previouſly reſcued by another—I got home terrified and diſordered—Don Ferdinand immediately went out, and left me—I am willing to excuſe this behaviour; but, at the ſame time, I cannot help ſaying to myſelf, how will he treat me when I am his wife, if he uſes me thus, while he calls me his miſtreſs?

D. Fer. Ah, dear Marcella, did you know how uneaſy you make me by this kind of diſcourſe——

Mar. And why uneaſy?—I did not addreſs myſelf to you—what I ſpoke, was ſaid to Beatrice—and you need take no notice of it, as you need not be ſuppoſed to overhear.

Beat. That's right, Ma'am—and to let you know another thing, Sir, you are not to take the words out of my mouth—my lady ſpoke to me; and it's my part to anſwer—and here's the way I do it—— I ſuppoſe, Ma'am, Don Ferdinand is like the reſt of his ſex; who, for the moſt part, follow women as they hunt hares and foxes: when the animal's catched, the ſport is over.—I once had a ſweetheart myſelf, Ma'am, that uſed to call me his queen, and his goddeſs; and, one day, he wanted to kill himſelf for me; but, when he found I was willing to let him, he ſoon convinced me, he was not in earneſt. I remember, he uſed to compare my eyes to diamonds; and my lips to rubies; and my teeth to pearl; and my neck to alabaſter: and he uſed to ſay, his heart was ſet a-fire; and that the ſteel of my

beauty,

beauty, had ſtruck againſt the flint of his inclination; and a great deal of ſtuff, in that way.

D. Fer. Stuff, indeed, Beatrice!—But your lady will do me the juſtice to confeſs, that from the firſt moment ſhe vouchſafed to liſten to my pretenſions, I never gave into thoſe ridiculous hyperboles, which accompany the declarations of ordinary lovers: ſuch can only be of uſe to charm vulgar minds. The only eloquence to perſuade a mind, formed like my Marcella's, is ſincerity; and, I always thought, the beſt way to acquire her eſteem, was to convince her that ſhe poſſeſſed mine.

Beat. Lord, Sir, will you be ſo good as to repeat that over again; if it is not the prettieſt thing I ever heard in my life; I believe you took it from ſome novel though.———Come, Ma'am, give him your hand to kiſs, and tell him you are friends with him. —Look you there, Sir, I knew it—There's nothing does with us, like a little talk.

D. Fer, (Kiſſing Marcella's *hand, which ſhe gives him.)* Your father, my dear, is determined to have our wedding a public one; and Saturday next, he aſſures me, ſhall be the happy day. Juſt as I left home, a good many of your things were brought, which I have ordered to be ſent here, with ſome boxes of rich wine, and foreign ſweetmeats, for the ball I intend to give a ſelect number of our friends, to-morrow night. In the mean time, I'll ſtep back to the old lodgings, to ſee things properly taken care of.——Lazerillo, bring up thoſe parcels.——Examine them, my dear.—And you, Mrs. Beatrice, will not find yourſelf forgotten.

Marcella, Beatrice, *and then* Lazarillo, *who enters with candles, and is afterwards followed by two ſervants, who bring in a table, and ſet it againſt the pannel where* Don Carlos *and* Muſkato *are ſhut up; they alſo bring in two chairs, ſome caſes of wine, and boxes, ſome of which they place upon the table.*

Beat. O then, there's ſomething for me! Laza-

rillo, make haſte up with the things.—I ſuppoſe it's the new gown he promis'd to give me; and that your mantua-maker took meaſure of me for. I long to ſee it.—Lazarillo, I ſay, will you be all day?

Laz. Coming, Mrs. Beatrice, coming.

Beat. Why don't you make haſte then?

Laz. It's impoſſible to make haſte enough for impatient people.

Beat. Have not you ſomething that your maſter gave you for me, pray?

Laz. I have ſomething for every body—but that's your bundle, I believe—(*gives her a parcel, which ſhe immediately opens*)—Here, comrades, bring in the table, and ſet it yonder, that I may put theſe things upon it; and then bring up the boxes, and caſes of wine that you'll find in the hall; quick, quick.

Beat. (*Having diſplay'd her gown on a chair.*) Dear madam, look here; upon my life, it's very pretty; and every thing complete; a veil, and a petticoat, and lined throughout with ſilk. I have a good mind to try it on now—(*going to unpin herſelf*)——Do you think it will become me, Ma'am?

Mar. Your head runs upon nothing but your dreſs.—Follow me, to ſee the condition of the other rooms.

Laz. We are going back for more things, Mrs. Beatrice; you'll pleaſe to take care of what we leave behind.

Beat. O ſtay then, till I ſhut the doors——(*croſſes the ſtage, to ſhut the oppoſite door; returning, ſhe ſtops a moment at the door where ſhe goes out, to admire the gown*)——Well, I ſwear and vow, it's one of the genteeleſt things I ever ſaw in my life.——I wiſh, however, there had been a little more puffing upon the ſleeves.

Don Carlos, Muſkato.

Muſk. (*Speaking, as he puts up the pannel.*) I will go out.

D. Car.

D. Car. Muſkato.

Muſk. Zounds, Sir, don't tell me; as good be hang'd, as famiſh'd——*(Perceiving the table that has been put againſt the pannel, which prevents his coming forward)*——Hey-day! what have we here?——They have rais'd a buttraſs againſt our wooden wall——*(Putting his hand among the things on the table, throws ſome of them down)*—Bow, wow, wow!

D. Car. What are you doing?

Muſk. Making a noiſe.——How ſhall I remove theſe impediments?——*(Attempting to puſh the table from him, he overturns it)*——Oh Lord! oh Lord!

D. Car. Death and hell! are you bent on our ruin?

Muſk. For Heaven's ſake, Sir, don't ſwear.——*(Coming out.)*——Damn the table, I did but juſt touch it.—However, no body has heard.

D. Car. Come in here.

Muſk. Preſently.—*(Taking up, and opening a box.)*—What have we here! Sweetmeats!—*(Eating a piece)*—excellent, i'faith;—and here are cakes——and here's chocolate——*(Stuffing his pockets)*——and here's——

D. Car. *(Coming forward too.)* What have you got yonder?

Muſk. I'll tell you by and by.—*(Breaking open one of the caſes)*——Wine, wine, wine!—*(Falling upon his knees, and looking back on his maſter.)*—This is the ſhort way of drawing a cork.——*(Knocks off the head of the flaſk.)*—Sir, my ſervice to you.—*(Drinks.)*—Will you pledge me?——

D. Car. Why, ſince you have——

Muſk. Take a large gulp; it will do you good.

D. Car. They'll certainly come upon us.

Muſk. *(Eating, and ſpeaking with his mouth full.)* Lord, what an admirable bleſſing did Nature beſtow upon man, when ſhe gave him a good ſtomach——Where's the bottle?——*(Drinks again.)*—You had better take t'other tiff, Sir; and if you'll follow my advice,

advice, you'll pick a bit, for I'm ſure you muſt be deviliſh hungry—Here's a charming root of eringo.

D. Car. Muſkato, let us think of our ſituation. What ſhall we do here, we are yet undiſcover'd; ſhall we wait the return of night, and then force our way out of the houſe, at all events whatever?

Muſ. Why, Sir, Zounds! my ſtomach was ſo empty when I drank, that the wine's getting into my head. I ſay, Sir, as to the force you talk of—If your friends and family cou'd be appriz'd of your ſituation, and deſign; but as the matter ſtands, Sir, I don't think we ſhall be able to make our eſcape by violence.

D. Car. We can't pick our way thro' the walls then?

Muſ. No, Sir, I wiſh we cou'd; but I'll tell you, Sir, I think one of us might get out unnoticed, by means of a diſguiſe: now ſuppoſe I take upon me this diſguiſe, make my eſcape, inform your friends where you are, and have 'em ready——

D. Car. But how?

Muſ. You ſee that gown there, and the veil and things along with it; I'll carry it into our repoſitory, dreſs myſelf *ala demoiſelle*, watch my opportunity when it is dark, and I warrant, get clear, without any ſuſpicion; I'll take the gown, Sir, the think is determin'd.

D. Car. 'Sdeath here is ſomebody coming.

Muſ. Is there (*gathering the cloaths under his arm*) lay hold of that bottle then, and follow me to my toilette.

Beatrice, Marcella.

Beat. (*enters a little before her miſtreſs, ſinging; but ſeeing the condition the room is in, ſhe turns her ſong by degrees, into a ſcream, and runs out again*) Fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal,——Oh—h—h—h Ma'am, Ma'am, come here and ſee what has happen'd.

Mar. (*entering*) What's the matter?

Beat. The devil's the matter, for I'm ſure he has been here; did you ever ſee the like of this, all the things turn'd topſy turvey, and half of them broke to pieces.

Mar. Who has been in the room?

Beat. I don't know, Ma'am.

Mar. This ſeems to have been done on purpoſe.

Beat. (*looking about, ſcreams*) Ah—h!

Mar. How now!

Beat. My new gown, Ma'am, where's my new gown that I left here when we went out, did not you ſee me ſpread it upon the chair with the other things?

Mar. I thought ſo.

Beat. And now it's ſtol'n and gone.

Mar. Call ſome body?

Beat. Lazarillo, Lopez, Sancho!

Mar. This is very odd.

Beat. Lazarillo—I will have my gown.

Enter Don Guzman *and* Lazarillo.

D. Guz. There's always a rout, and a racket, wherever this girl is—What are you after now, Mrs. Fidget?

Beat. We have been robb'd, Sir.

D. Guz. Robb'd!

Beat. Lazarillo, did not you give me my things in this room, and did you not ſee me leave them here when you went out again?

Laz. Ay; well, what then, ſuppoſe I did?

Beat. Well, you muſt anſwer for them.

D. Guz. And who is to anſwer for all this pretty work, I wou'd be glad to know? Why, you ſilly baggage, you, did you think your frippery was ſtuff'd into the boxes, and wine-caſes, that you have broke them to pieces?

Beat. It was not I.

D. Guz. Who, then?

Beat. Old nick, I believe.

D. Guz.

D. Guz. Gad, I have a good mind to lay my cane acroſs your ſhoulders.

Beat. Speak to him, Ma'am, will you?

Mar. Upon my word, Sir, it is ſomething very extraordinary—We left the things here in good order, a little while ago, and this moment that we came into the room again, we found them in the condition you ſee.

Laz. ſome dog got in, I ſuppoſe, Sir.

Beat, Ay, ſome dog upon two legs: Dogs in Spain, don't drink wine, and eat ſweetmeats, nor ſteal gowns: indeed, Sir, you ought to pay me for my things, if I don't get them again.

D. Guz. I pay for them, huſſey! do you think I ſtole your dab of a gown?

Beat. Some of your ſervants did.

Laz. Do you ſuſpect me, Mrs. Beatrice?

D. Guz. Hey dey! do you know where you are?

Mar. Beatrice, have done.

Beat. I will have my gown.

D. Guz. Come, child, you ſhall go with me to the other lodgings, where we will dine, and after dinner return hither, by which time moſt of the furniture will be mov'd: and do you here, let thoſe things be taken away, and this room ſet to rights immediately; and if you find this ſlattern's trumpery in any hole, or corner, lay them by for her. (*turn's, going out*)

Beat. Lazarillo, you certainly ſtole my things.

Laz. I ſtole your things! damme, if you ſay ſo again——

Beat. Take that, you impudent jackanapes (*gives him a box on the ear.*)

D. Guz. Ay, Ay, before my face, and behind my back too; no reſpect to me on either ſide (*beating them out before him with his cane*) I'll teach you, you impudent vermin, to bite, and ſcratch in my preſence.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A parlour belonging to a monaſtery; with an iron grate in the back ſcene; thro' which is ſeen the chapel, a lamp burning, &c.

Aurora *enters alone.*

HOW painful is a ſtate of ſuſpence! and what a night, and day, have I paſſed!——When I reflect on the ſituation in which I left Don Carlos, I am half diſtracted——Suppoſe he has endeavoured to make his eſcape; and, in the attempt, fallen into the hands of juſtice: or, ſuppoſe he ſtill remains ſhut up in the houſe?———Will he not, in either caſe, condemn me, as the contriver of his misfortune?—I have prevailed upon the portreſs of this convent, where my brother has confined me, to let Leonarda out; ſhe has taken with her a maſter-key, which was providentially in the trunk ſent hither with my cloaths—If Carlos is yet in the houſe, ſhe will give him that, and he may releaſe himſelf as ſoon as it is night—If he is already gone, I ſhall, at leaſt, be ſo far ſatisfied, as to know it—And, probably, if he has been ſeized——

Enter Leonarda.

Leon. (*ſpeaking without.*) Very well, mother; very well: it is the ſtrongeſt I could get; and I hope it will pleaſe you.

Aur. Here ſhe comes——Oh, Leonarda!

Leon. Yes, Ma'am, I'm here at laſt.

Aur. I thought you would never return. How could you, knowing my impatience and diſtreſs, keep me ſo long on the rack!—Well, what of Don Carlos?

Leon.

Leon. Of Don Carlos, Ma'am.

Aur. Ay.

Leon. Why not a great deal, Ma'am.

Aur. How, not a great deal?

Leon. Is there any one can overhear what we ſay?

Aur. No, no.

Leon. Nay, but look to be ſure.

Aur. I tell you there is no one: ſpeak, and eaſe me of my anxiety.

Leon. I can't be eaſy till I have ſhut that door.

Aur. Was ever ſuch a tormenting creature!—Will you make haſte, and tell me what you have done in the affair I ſent you upon.

Leon. Well, Ma'am, I am going to tell you, if you'll have patience, and give me time to recollect myſelf a little——

Aur. Take time.

Leon. Why, Ma'am, as ſoon as you gave me the key, and I got out of the convent here, I made the beſt of my way to our ſtreet, conſidering with myſelf how I could come to the door of the houſe, and open it, if poſſible, without being obſerved by the people of Octavio, the wine-merchant; for you know, Ma'am, the more ſecret I did the thing, the better.

Aur. No doubt on't. Well!

Leon. Well; and ſo, Ma'am, going along, as I tell you, at the turning of the lane, before you come to the Jacobine's Church, who ſhould I meet, but Signor Octavio himſelf, mounted upon his mule, juſt going out of town: you may be ſure, we ſtopp'd to ſpeak to one another; and he aſked me, if you had ſeen your brother: No, Sir, ſays I, not ſince laſt night. Well, ſays he, give my ſervice to your lady, and tell her, ſhe may be quite eaſy about him, for Don Guzman has taken your houſe——

Aur. (*With precipitation.*) What Don Guzman?

Leon. Don Guzman de Ribbera, Ma'am: and he, and

and his family, have been in it, ſince eleven o'clock this morning.

Aur. Don Guzmàn de Ribbera!

Leon. Yes, Ma'am: and ſo, after hearing that, you know it was in vain for me to think of going near it.

Aur. And ſo you don't know whether Don Carlos has made his eſcape, or not? or what is become of him?

Leon. How ſhou'd I, Ma'am, unleſs I was a witch!—But, I take it for granted, he's in the houſe ſtill, unleſs he has made his eſcape, without any one's diſcovering him:—for to be ſure, Ma'am, if Signor Octavio had known any thing about him, he wou'd have mentioned it; and I put him a great many leading queſtions.

Aur. And where have you been all this time, pray?

Leon. Been, Ma'am!

Aur. Ay, where you have been upwards of theſe hours, that you were gone from hence?

Leon. Why, Ma'am, I went to ſee a couſin of mine, that's lately come to town.

Aur. Wretched, inſenſible creature!—Then I am ſtill left in the ſame cruel uncertainty!—But, at any rate, I am determined to know the worſt:——Give me the key, and your veil, and call the portreſs of the convent.

Leon. Dear Ma'am, where are you going?

Aur. Aſk no queſtions; you that go to ſee a couſin, while you know I am waiting for you; and think every moment an hour——

Leon. Lord, Ma'am, you need not be angry; I ſhou'd not have ſtayed ſo long, but there was a chriſtening, and they wanted a goſſip.

Aur. Hold your tongue, and call the portreſs.

Leon. She's here, Ma'am.

Enter

Enter an old Nun.

Aur. Oh, mother, mother, if ever you knew what it was to feel but for yourſelf, pity, and aſſiſt me.

Nun. What's the matter with her, what's ſhe crying for?

Leon. Why, mother, you remember the gentleman, that my lady told you of, that we left lock'd up in the houſe laſt night.

Nun. No, I don't call it to mind.

Leon. Yes, you know you let me out this afternoon, to enquire after him, and give him a key.

Nun. Well, and is that what ſhe's crying for?

Leon. Lord, mother, no; you won't liſten to me—I went to give him the key, but I cou'd not do it, for another gentleman had taken the houſe, and was gone to live in it.

Nun. O ſtay, what! you gave the key to another gentleman, and he took it out of the houſe——

Leon. No; another gentleman took the houſe: a muzzy old fool!

Aur. I ſhall go mad I think—Mother I throw myſelf upon your goodneſs, and have a requeſt to make to you, which unleſs you grant, you muſt expect to ſee me commit ſome fatal violence.

Nun. Muſt I truly; I am glad you have told me ſo, for I will call up the houſe directly—Take her bodkin from her, her ſciſſars, and her garters. and ring the bell: Saint Francis be my guard, you are deſperate.

Aur. Well, I may be ſo.

Nun. You muſt faſt, and pray, and we'll ſend for a father confeſſor for you—I have had great relief in former days from a father confeſſor myſelf, a worthy good man he was, a bare-footed brother of the order of St. Dominick, who adminiſtered comfort to this whole convent.

Leon. Well, but liſten to my lady.

Aur.

Aur. Dear mother, you have been ſo kind as to let my maid out, but ſhe miſcarried in the deſign ſhe went upon—The life of a gentleman is at ſtake; and ſhou'd any ſiniſter accident happen to him, I ſhall think myſelf accountable for it.

Nun. You both confuſe me ſo, that I don't know what I am doing—I am quite in amaze now; what were you ſaying to me?

Aur. I want you to open the door, and let me out.

Nun. Don't aſk me to do that again.

Aur. I promiſe you faithfully I will return in an hour; and I ſhall not be ungrateful for your kindneſs; you know I am not profeſs'd, nor can I be be left here as a priſoner, having committed no crime; beſides, you may oblige me without fear, as the Abbeſs is confin'd to her bed, and all the ſiſterhood retired but ourſelves.

Nun. But what do you want to go out for?

Leon. My lady has told you already.

Nun. No ſhe has'nt.

Aur. Yes, mother.

Leon. Lord, Ma'am, you are not going to explain yourſelf again, I hope; you know ſhe never remembers a word that's ſaid to her two minutes after it's ſpoken; and I ſuſpect ſhe has been taſting the cordial I brought her, which has not help'd to quicken her apprehenſion.

Nun. I think I ſhou'd know what you want to go abroad for; beſides, if it ſhou'd be diſcovered that I gave you ſuch liberty, I ſhou'd be made to do penance——

Aur. It never can be diſcover'd—Good mother have confidence in me.

Nun. Well, come, I will have confidence in you for once—I know I'm an old fool, but I can't help taking pity upon a creature of your years.

Leon. But dear, Ma'am, may I be ſo bold as to aſk the queſtion?

Aur.

Aur. I have no time to anſwer any thing now—Go into my chamber, bolt the door on the inſide, and ſtay up till I come back.

Leon. I will, Ma'am, to be ſure.

Aur. Come, mother, open the door.

Nun. Open the door, my child, why ſo?

Leon. Why, aren't you going to let my lady out?

Nun. Oh, ay, that's true.

Leon. I can't tell what ſcheme my lady has in her head, but I know if ſhe does not contrive to get out of this convent very ſoon, for good and all, I ſhall give her warning; for I cannot, nor I will not live in a place where one never has the ſight of a man, ſo there's the ſhort and the long of it.

Scene changes to the room in Don Guzman's *houſe, where* Don Carlos, *and* Muſkato, *are hid behind the pannel. The walls, which in the laſt act appeared bare, are now covered with tapeſtry, and the chamber otherwiſe furniſh'd.* Lazarillo *carrying a table,* Beatrice *entering before him with a looking-glaſs.*

Beat. Here, awkwardneſs, here; ſet the table on this ſide, while I go and place this looking-glaſs on my lady's toilet.

Laz. And why on that ſide? I think it's better on this; and here I'll ſet it.

Beat. It ſhan't ſtay there.

Laz. Then you ſhall lug it where you like, yourſelf; for plague fetch me if I ſtretch a finger to move it again.

Beat. (lays the glaſs on the table, and removes it.) I never knew ſuch a rude, diſobliging, unmannerly cur as you are, in my life.

Laz. Ay, to be ſure, it's much better now.

Beat. (calling.) Lopez, bring the candles.

Laz. Pray, Mrs. Beatrice, how ſoon is my maſter and your lady to be married?

Beat. (*to* Lopez, *who brings the candles.*) Now, go, and do as I ordered you in the other rooms. (*ſetting the glaſs up between the candles, and viewing herſelf.*) What did you ſay?

La. I aſked you, how ſoon our young folks were to be married?

Beat. (*ſtill viewing herſelf.*) If you want to know, it's a queſtion you ought to aſk them.

La. I muſt, faith; for it will be neceſſary for me to get my things, and look a little about me.

Beat. What! and ſo you don't intend to ſtay with Don Ferdinand?

La. Oh! damn it, no; it would not do for me at all. Service with a ſingle gentleman, well and good; but married families are hell and the devil.

Beat. Do you intend to liſt for a ſoldier then; or turn barber; or what? 'Tis dangerous being out of place; I have known ſeveral of your fraternity come to an untimely end by it.

La. And, pray, what do you think of the ſituation of a diſcarded abigail, mounted up three pair of ſtairs into a back garret, to live upon her ſavings? But, to tell you the truth, I am afraid to ſtay with Don Ferdinand, leſt, as valets are apt to ape their maſters, I ſhould be tempted to imitate him; and, as he had married your miſtreſs, the devil might put it into my head to marry you.

Beat. (*Turning quite round, and ſurveying him with an air of contempt.*) What is the matter with this glaſs! It always makes me look browner than any other in the houſe. (*wiping it with her handkerchief, and going from it in a minuet ſtep.*) We ſhall have a ball here tomorrow evening: I ſuppoſe the company will deſire to ſee me dance an allemande, or a fandango, or ſomething.

La. Come, you have enjoyed it long enough (*whips the glaſs from her;*) now let me look at myſelf a little.

Beat. Lazarillo, give me the glaſs.

La.

La. (*viewing himself*) Dam'me, if I don't think people look very well in it.

Beat. Did ever one ſee ſuch an impertinent! Give me the glaſs, I ſay.

La. Come and kiſs me for it.

Beat. I'll ſee you hanged firſt.

La. Then you ſhan't have it (*dancing, with the glaſs in his hand, as ſhe had done before it.*) Tol de rol, lol, lol.

Beat. Upon my life and ſoul (*going to take the glaſs from him, ſhe turns of a ſudden, and runs out on the other ſide.*) Lord! here's Don Guzman, and your maſter!

Laz. Here, Beatrice, take the glaſs (*lays it on the table.*) The devil!——

Don Guzman, Don Ferdinand, *and two ſervants, who come in, and go out again immediately.*

D. Fer. I have been at the Duke of Medina's; and I find his wounds are not ſo bad as I at firſt apprehended; though he is ſtill in danger. The report, however, of Don Pedro being the perſon who aſſaulted him, rather gains ground; and I hear the police is ſtill making ſtrict enquiry after him.

D. Guz. Like enough.

D. Fer. Nay, ſome officers have, as I underſtand, been ſeen, within theſe two hours, walking backwards and forwards, before this houſe, and looking at it very inquiſitively.

D. Guz. Then, belike, they ſtill ſuſpect that Don Pedro is in it.

D. Fer. So it ſhould ſeem.

D. Guz. And we may have a viſit from them in the night, perhaps, when we leaſt deſire their company. Is not that what you were going to ſay? Egad, I am very much obliged to you for the hint; and I'll ſtrive to prevent them; for, I ſhould not like to be rous'd from my ſleep, and get a cold

that, perhaps, might kill me. I want ſomebody (*a ſervant enters.*) Come hither, you Sir. Go to the Conde de Lemos, governor of Madrid; his palace is hard by; give my reſpects, and tell his excellency, I ſhall be much obliged to him, if he will order me directly a couple of centinels to ſtand at my door. Tell him I ſhall want them for two, or three days, till I have married my daughter.

D. Fer. Well but, Sir, a couple of centinels!

D. Guz. Ay; is not it a good thought? I warrant the officers won't venture to moleſt us when they ſee theſe gentry; and I know the Conde de Lemos will be ready to do me any honour, our houſes being related.

D. Fer. But won't my couſin be ſurprized? I fancy, Sir, we had better truſt her with the whole affair.

D. Guz. It muſt not be, fooliſh; I tell you, I know her conſtitution; it might bring her to a ſick-bed, and prevent your being married to her theſe three months; beſides, is there any thing more common than to have centinels at the door, upon occaſion of publick weddings? (*To a ſervant, who appears*) Well, have you fitted up the next rooms for my nephew, as I order'd you?

Serv. No, Sir.

D. Guz. No, Sir! and why ſo, Sirrah?

Serv. Becauſe, Sir, Mrs. Beatrice bid us not.

D. Guz. Mrs. Beatrice!

Serv. Yes, Sir; ſhe ſaid Don Ferdinand's chamber would be better at the other end of the gallery; ſo we are getting it ready there.

D. Guz. Are you ſo, Sir? Then I deſire you will go immediately, and get it ready where I ordered you. I proteſt this is quite abominable; Mrs. Beatrice, indeed! In direct oppoſition to my commands!

D. Fer. I have not ſeen Don Pedro ſince yeſterday, Sir; and, as he has given me an intimation

where

where he is concealed, I will now, with your permiſſion, ſtep to him for a few minutes.

D. Guz. What! to night?

D. Fer. He will think it unkind, I imagine, if I neglect to enquire after him.

D. Guz. Well, well, go then; you'll be back to ſupper?

D. Fer. I ſhall make no delay, but juſt to ſee how he is diſpoſed of.

Don Guzman, *alone.*

And now that we have got pretty well over the hurry of moving, let me ſee what I have to do tomorrow. In the firſt place, early in the morning, to go to my lawyers, to deſire them to be here preciſely at eleven o'clock, to ſettle the buſineſs of my daughter's marriage. Secondly, to go to Father Bartolin, our pariſh prieſt, to let him know, we ſhall be with him at nine o'clock on Saturday—Saturday! Ay, Saturday, that's the day after to-morrow: Thurſday, Friday, Saturday—then I have ſomething elſe to do: let me conſider! To go to my lawyer; to go to the pariſh prieſt; to go—

Enter Beatrice *and* Lazarillo, *on oppoſite ſides.*

Beat. (as loud as ſhe can bawl.) Lazarillo!

Laz. (anſwering in the ſame tone.) Here!

D. Guz. (clapping his fingers to his ears.) How now! What the plague's the matter with you both, have you a mind to break the drums of my ears?

Laz. What do you ſcream ſo for, Beatrice?

D. Guz. Scream! One and the other of you, have ſcreamed me almoſt deaf. What do you want, turbulence?

Beat. Lord, Sir, I'm ſurprized at you. How can you have the idea of making the beſt room in your houſe a bed-chamber?

D. Guz. Becauſe I like it.

Beat. Why, Sir, it will be ſhocking.

D. Guz.

D. Guz. What's that to you?

Beat. Beſides, I ſuppoſe Don Ferdinand will remove to my lady's chamber, in a night or two.

D. Guz. Ha, now you have got that in your head; and who bid you ſuppoſe about it?

Beat. Nay, Sir, it's no buſineſs of mine, to be ſure, if you have a mind to turn the houſe upſide down, only I love to ſet people right, and ſee things done properly.

D. Guz. Well, but my nephew choſe that room particularly, and I think it's moſt proper he ſhould have it.

Laz. Why, ſo I told Mrs. Beatrice, Sir. I ſaid, my maſter had made particular choice of that room.

Beat. Very well then, let his bed be put in it; but remember, Sir, it's done by no order of mine.

D. Guz. No, why ſhould it? I know of no right you have to order any thing.

Beat. But I am ſure, it will be the moſt abſurd, ridiculous, vulgar—

Enter a Meſſenger.

Laz. A meſſenger from the governor of Madrid.

Meſſ. The Conde de Lemos, governor of Madrid, preſents his compliments to Don Guzman de Ribbera; and deſires to let him know, that he grants his requeſt with regard to the centinels, which ſhall be poſted at his door within this half hour. And, if Don Guzman will inform the Conde, on what day his daughter is to be married, he will not only ſend his equipages to attend the cavalcade to church, but himſelf, and his counteſs, will come to be preſent at the performance of the ceremony.

Beat. Return Don Guzman's compliments to the Conde de Lemos; he is extremely obliged to his excellency for the honour he deſigns him, and ſhall be very glad of his company, and that of the counteſs: my young lady is to be married on Saturday; but, if any thing ſhould happen between this and

that,

that, to alter the day, Don Guzman will take care to give my lord governor timely notice.

D. Guz. So, ſo! how's all this?

Beat. Is not that right, Sir?

D. Guz. What do you think? Hold, young man, don't go 'till you get the whole of your buſineſs: have you any thing more to ſay to him?

Beat. No, Sir, unleſs you chuſe to aſk his excellency to the ball.

D. Guz. Why, you moſt impudent, audacious creature, how dare you take the liberty to give an anſwer to a meſſage ſent to me, in my preſence?

Beat. Lord, Sir, I did it to ſave you trouble.

D. Guz. I proteſt before heaven, I never heard ſuch aſſurance in my life. *(turning to the meſſenger.)* My reſpects to the governor, Sir, and I will wait upon his excellency directly, to thank him for his great favour to me. *(the meſſenger goes out.)* I believe there never was your fellow for impertinence, ſince the world begun. But why ſhould I be ſurprized at this, when I am told, you give out all over the neighbourhood, that I am going to marry you?

Laz. Ha! ha! ha!

D. Guz. Ay, you may well laugh.

Beat. I never gave out any ſuch thing.

D. Guz. Don't lie, for I can prove it upon you.

Beat. I ſay then, Sir, I never did; for the thing was firſt mentioned to me: and, isn't it common enough, when a genteel likely girl lives in the houſe with a gentleman, for people to talk?

D. Guz. Well, I ſhan't diſpute the matter with you, now. Go, take the coach, and fetch your young lady home, ſhe's at her aunt's. And you, Lazarillo, take one of thoſe candles, and ſet it in the next room, that your maſter may find things ready at his return. *(to Beatrice.)* Why don't you go where I bid you?

Beat. I'm ſettling myſelf, Sir.

La.

La. (*going out with a candle.*) Ha! ha! ha! marry!—

Beat. What's the matter with you? I promiſe you I don't know whether I would take the old fellow, if he would have me; ſo he need not make himſelf uneaſy.

Don Guzman, *and then* Aurora, *veiled.*

D. Guz. A paltry, dirty baggage; to give out that I was going to marry her; there never was ſuch a thought entered into my head. (Don Guzman *walking up the ſtage, ſees her as he comes down.*)

Hey dey! Who have we here? Who is it that comes into the houſe this way without knocking! Is there no body in the way to ſhew people?

Aur. Don't be offended, Signor, at the liberty an unfortunate woman has taken, upon ſeeing your door open; I implore a moment's refuge.

D. Guz. Explain yourſelf.

Aur. I have the misfortune to be the wife of the moſt jealous, and ſuſpicious of mankind, who is at the ſame time the moſt cruel. Upon a perſon's looking after me in the ſtreet, juſt now, he took ſomething into his head, drew his poinard, and was going to ſtrike me—

D. Guz. O for ſhame!

Aur. I got from him, and made my eſcape in hither; but he is lurking about, and I am afraid, when I go out again—

D. Guz. What can I do for you?

Aur. You ſeem a man of courage and authority, Sir; I intreat you to go down, into the ſtreet, and ſpeak to him not to miſuſe me; you will eaſily know him, he is in a red cloak, and wears a gold laced hat, with a black feather.

D. Guz. I'll go down, Madam.

Aur. In the mean time, Sir, permit me to remain here; and, as I am a perſon of ſome diſtinction in the world, I beg you will not ſuffer your people to come

come about me, 'till your humanity has reſcued me from the danger—

D. Guz. Step into that chamber, Madam, where you will find light, and nobody ſhall moleſt you. I warrant I'll give a good account of your jealous pate, and if words won't do, rougher means ſhall.

Don Guzman *leads* Aurora *to the door, and then taking up the candle, goes out on the oppoſite ſide, which leaves the ſtage dark.* Don Carlos *immediately raiſes the moveable pannel, and comes out with* Muſkato, *who is diſguiſed in woman's cloaths.*

D. Car. It is now quite dark; and you may, if ever, eſcape without being ſeen; as for myſelf, I'll wait with patience, determined to brave every thing till your return.

Muſ. I don't know what's the matter with me, Sir; I am damnably frightened.

D. Car. As ſoon as you have brought my friends together in the ſtreet, the ſignal is to be a piſtol; which, when I hear diſcharged, I will inſtantly ruſh out, and force my paſſage to you.

Muſ. Ay, Sir; but the grand matter is my getting out.

D. Car. Farewell; at any rate don't let your apprehenſions confound you.

Don Carlos *retires, leaving* Muſkato *in the middle of the ſtage; at the ſame time* Aurora *appears at the door of the room, into which ſhe had been conducted by* Don Guzman.

Aur. Don Guzman's gone; and all is dark: this is the moment to find Don Carlos: Aſſiſt me love; and, if he be yet here—

Muſ. Eh! eh! eh! (*coughing.*)

Aur. Hah! what figure's that ſtanding in the middle of the room?

Muſ. I have neither courage nor ſtrength, to move back, or forward. This is a curſed ſcheme

of mine; I wish I had never thought of it; it will bring me to the gallows, I'm sure; then they'll hang me in woman's cloaths; which will be a double shame and mortification.

Aur. It moves this way; was ever any thing so unlucky? I must retire a while.

Mus. Come, courage; it is but making the effort; if I can but get down stairs, I am safe enough; (*going towards the door, sees* Don Guzman,) then there's an end of me; tried, condemned, and executed. The old man!

Don Guzman *re-enters with the candle; and, seeing* Muskato *veil'd, and in woman's cloaths, takes him for* Aurora, *whom he had left.*

D Guz. Come, madam, you may take your way, without the least apprehension; I have looked all about the door, and sent my servants up and down the street, and no such person as you describe was to be found.

Mus. (*aside*) What is he talking of?

D. Guz. Apparently, finding you were got into an asylum, and knowing it was my house, your husband made off: but, give me your hand, ma'am, I am going abroad myself, and will lead you to whatever place of safety you think proper.

Mus. What's all this! Sure, if ever there was an angel with a beard and wrinkles, this is he.

D. Guz. Poor soul, how she trembles; fear nothing, ma'm; in committing yourself to my charge you are perfectly secure.

Mus. (*curtsying, and in a squeaking voice*) I am much obliged to you, Sir.

D. Guz. Her tears almost choak her voice. Will you have any cordial to refresh you?

Mus. (*curtsying again*) No thank you, Sir; take me out.

D. Guz. I will; come along, and don't be frightened, madam.

Mus. A good voyage to us; this is the finest accident—

Aurora, *and* Don Carlos.

Aur. Now is my time. Good Heaven! how I tremble! I am almoſt afraid to approach the place (*knocking at the pannel*, Don Carlos *lifts it up.*) Sir; Don Carlos; Sir: merciful Heaven! he's here ſtill.

D. Car. Not yet ſtirred from hence, Muſkato! What are you thinking of? Take my ſword, if you are afraid, and I will defend myſelf as well as I can.

Aur. Don't you know me then?

D. Car. Donna Aurora!

Aur. I was obliged to leave you here laſt night.

D. Car. Obliged to leave me!

Aur. It is too long a ſtory to tell you now. I ſent Leonarda as ſoon I could, this morning, to bring you this maſter-key; but, when ſhe came, ſhe found Don Guzman had taken the houſe, and was afraid to enter: doubtful of what was become of you, and, fearing the danger you might be in, I have eſcaped from a convent, where my brother placed me, reſolved to make my way to you through all impediments: there is the key; let yourſelf out in the dead of night; farewel.

D. Car. Stay, ma'am.

Aur. Oh, unfortunate! here comes Marcella, the daughter of Don Guzman: I would not for the world be known by her. Get in; get in; there's another woman with her. What ſhall I do? Any thing's better than meeting them (*ſhe retires.*)

Enter Marcella, *and* Beatrice, *with lights.*

Mar. What was it you aſked Lazarillo, Beatrice?

Beat. Why, Ma'am, whether his maſter was at home.

Mar. And what did he ſay?

Beat. What you heard, ma'am, that he was not.

Mar. That he had been gone out about half an hour; was it not?

Beat. Yes, ma'am.

Mar. Well, take my fan, and my veil, and ſee that my things are got ready in the dreſſing-room. (*Beatrice goes out with the things*) A ſtrange unſeaſonable hour for Don Ferdinand to leave the houſe, methinks; and juſt at a time when he knew I was coming home too. I am uneaſy; and, ſure, not without cauſe; he cannot but ſee how cautious I am, by ſhewing the ſmalleſt indifference——

Beat. (*re-entering, in great agitation, upon her tip-toes*) Ma'am! ma'am!

Mar. Well, what now?

Beat. Don't make a noiſe. I have ſeen ſuch a thing, in Don Ferdinand's chamber; and, I believe, I have found out the thief too; for I dare ſwear ſhe ſtole my gown.

Mar. She! what ſhe?

Beat. A woman, ma'am.

Mar. In Don Ferdinand's chamber?

Beat. Yes; as I was going along the paſſage, I obſerved the door puſhed too; ſo I popped my head in; and there I ſaw a woman in a veil. I did not ſay a word, but came back directly.

Mar. We'll, ſee who ſhe is; take the candles.

Beat. Yes, Ma'am; ſhe can't eſcape us, for the the door's ſhut at the head of the ſtairs; ſo, if ſhe runs round, ſhe muſt come in here. (*they go out.*)

Mar. (*behind*) We will know who you are.

Aur. That's as I pleaſe.

Mar. What brings you here?

Aur. I came here to a gentleman.

Beat. Pull off her viel, ma'am.

Aur. Nay, then—

Beat. Stop there, a thief!

Mar. Follow her, Beatrice.

Don Carlos, *lifting up the pannel, comes out, and then* Don Ferdinand *enters at the door.*

D. Car. What noiſe was that! Sure it was Aurora's voice; ſomebody moleſts her.

D. Fer. Ha! Who have we here?

D. Car. A man.

D. Fer. What man!

D. Car. One that will paſs without anſwering queſtions.

D. Fer. Not while I can oppoſe it.

Aur. (*running in*) Save me, Carlos; they purſue me; I ſhall be diſcovered, and undone.

D. Car. Fear nothing (*puts on his maſk, and draws his ſword, juſt as* Marcella *and* Beatrice *enter with lights.*) Now, Sir.

D. Fer. 'Sdeath, a maſk! (*drawing his ſword:*) robber, and villain!

Beat. (*Running out with the light again*) Ah! what have we here! Swords, ſwords, ſwords!

Mar. Beatrice!

D. Fer. (*ſtamping*) Lights! here' lights!

Aur. (*going behind the pannel*) Let us retire to the ſtair-caſe.

D. Fer. Lights, I ſay.

Mar. Nobody ſhall go out.

D. Fer. No, I'll take care of that.

Mar. Help!

D. Fer. Lights!

Enter Beatrice, Lazarillo, *and other ſervants.* Beatrice *keeping back with the lights.*

Beat. Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear, is any one murder'd?

D. Fer. Bring in the lights.

Beat. I daren't, I'm afraid to ſee blood.

Mar. Beatrice, bring in the lights.

Beat. (*entering all in a tremble*) Oh, let them put up their ſwords then.

D. Fer. Where is this aſſaſſin, this houſe-breaker?

Mar. Where is this ſhame to her ſex?

Laz. Sir, Madam, what's the matter?

D. Fer. There has been a man here, maſk'd—ſearch about.

Laz. Where ſhall we ſearch, Sir?

D. Fer. Call to the centinels to let nobody out of the houſe—Follow me; he can't have made his eſcape.

Marcella, Beatrice.

Beat. Oh, Ma'am, you have let the woman go, now.

Mar. I, let her go!

Beat. Yes, Ma'am, it was certainly ſhe that was here this morning; how did ſhe get away?

Mar. Don Ferdinand let her paſs; but how did ſhe get in here, Beatrice?

Beat. Why, Ma'am, I have heard ſay, that there are gangs of theſe ſort of people, who watch when doors are left open, to whip into houſes and carry off the goods.

Mar. And ſo you believe this woman——

Beat. Why, to be ſure, Ma'am—

Mar. What, do you ſuppoſe that the woman was ſhut up in Don Ferdinand's chamber, in order to rob the houſe?

Beat. No, Ma'am, I don't think that.

Mar. Did not ſhe ſay ſhe came to a gentleman too?

Beat. Yes, Ma'am.

Mar. And yet you don't know what to make of all this?

Beat. Why, I can't ſay, Ma'am——

Mar. (*burſting into tears, and going off*) Well, I do; but it does not ſignify, I am not at all uneaſy about it.

Beat. (*alone*) Stay, hold, I believe there is ſomething in the wind here, that I have not been able to diſcover: did not ſhe ſay ſhe came to a gentleman? Yes, ſhe did, ſure enough; and ſhe was hid in Don Ferdinand's chamber (*paufing*) Lord, what a fool I was! I ſee the affair now, as plain as any thing in the world.

THE END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Chamber in Don Guzman's *house:* Don Ferdinand *enters with a letter, followed by* Lazarillo.

D. Fer. AND pray, Sir, who gave you this letter?

La. Why, Sir, nobody gave it to me; that is to say, what you can properly call gave; but just now while you were abroad, and I was brushing your cloaths yonder in the gallery, Mrs. Beatrice bolted out of her lady's chamber; there, says she, there's a letter for your sweet master; 'tis from Donna Marcella, give it him: and with that, Sir, throwing to me, or rather flinging at me, the paper you now hold in your hand, she turn'd upon her heel, and shut the door with a clap, that made the house shake again.

D. Fer. Let me read it once more, that I may be sure I clearly understand her meaning. "Tho' "I am satisfied there are some instances of ill "behaviour in your sex, which the delicacy of ours "hardly permits us to take notice of; I cannot "help telling you, that your bringing an ill "woman into my father's house last night, is a "proceeding of that monstrous nature, as is "neither to be defended, or forgiven. What, "while you was under a contract of marriage with "his daughter; when the most sacred promise of "lasting fidelity! was ready to part from your "lips: but I will not animadvert on an action, I "cannot think of without horror; I shall only "inform you, that there is an end of any farther "connection between you and me."

La. And so she concludes, your humble servant Marcella de Ribbera?

D. Fer. Did you ever hear the like of it?

La. Upon my word, Sir, I can't charge my memory exactly; but for the meaning of the letter, I think it pretty plain.

D. Fer. D'ye?—Now to me it is utterly inexplicable: was there a woman in the houſe laſt night?

La. Why, Sir, the ſervants ſay ſo:——I ſuppoſe after Donna Marcella—and from the reports of Mrs. Beatrice—for my own part, I neither ſaw man nor woman.

D. Fer. A man there was, by all that's ſacred.

La. Very well, Sir, I don't pretend to contradict you; but how did he contrive to ſlip away from us then? The centinels were poſted at the door before you came in; and as the family was awake, and ſtirring about, I think it hardly poſſible for him to have got from the chambers to the ſtreet, without meeting ſome one or other of us in his paſſage.

D. Fer. The poſſibility of the thing is clear, by it's having happened. No doubt, a lucky moment favoured his eſcape; and though the centinels ſay nobody paſſed, he might, before they were apprized, have gone out unnoticed by them.

La. Nay, that's true too, Sir.

D. Fer. But, at any rate, Lazarillo, I am by no means ſorry this affair has happened; on the contrary, it lets me into ſome circumſtances relative to Donna Marcella's turn of mind, which it is my intereſt to be acquainted with; and I am glad to come to a knowledge of them before it is too late.

La. Indeed, Sir, and ſo you ought. Ah! Sir, it is not always your faces full of ſmiles, and dimples, that cover the kindeſt hearts, or the beſt natures; and between ourſelves, I have long ſuſpected, that Donna Marcella conceal'd more under hers, than ſhe choſe to let appear for the preſent. A tyger's a tyger, Sir, for all it's pretty ſpotted ſkin; and the likeneſs between the beaſt, and the Chriſtian, lies in this: as in the animal, a fair outſide is the wrapper, or ſurtout, to a damn'd, growling, fierce diſpoſition; ſo a lady, though ſhe has a face like an angel, may have a temper worſe than a devil.

D. Fer. Where's my uncle?

La.

La. Gone after his lawyers.

D. Fer. I wiſh I had ſeen him before he went out.

La. He'll be in again preſently, I dare ſay.—But I don't believe he knows any thing of this buſtle; for Donna Marcella was retired to her chamber laſt night, before he returned from the governor's: and I am ſure they have not ſeen one another this morning.

D. Fer. I ſhould have been glad of an opportunity to talk to him, for all that; for I might have told him, firſt——

La. Why there, to be ſure, Sir, you wou'd have had an advantage: and after all, if there is to be an accuſation trump'd up on either ſide, have not you as good a right to queſtion Donna Marcella about the man, as ſhe has to call you to an account about the woman?

D. Fer. And ſo I have, every bit.

La. For as we ſay, Sir, what's law for the clerk, is law for the curate.

D. Fer. But, for my part, I look upon all this to be a fetch; a ſtroke of female artifice; in order to bring about ſome ſcheme or other, which I have hitherto been unable to diſcover.

La. Nothing more likely, Sir; and, in that caſe, depend upon it, Madam Beatrice is the perſon who has put every thing into her head.

D. Fer. I don't doubt it.

La. Oh, Sir, ſhe is a fiend incarnate! the very ſerpent, in woman's fleſh! and if I was you, Sir, the firſt article I ſtipulated, before I married Donna Marcella, ſhou'd be, that ſhe turn'd that Jezabel out of her ſervice.

D. Fer. I will ſtipulate it; and inſiſt upon it too.—But I can tell you, Lazarillo, I am now in very great doubt, whether I ſhall marry or not; for there is ſomething in this letter, that tries my temper to ſuch a degree——

La. No wonder, Sir; any gentleman's temper wou'd be tried by it:—and, to ſpeak my opinion, if I was in your place, I wou'd no more tye myſelf—

D. Fer. At leaſt, I will behave with a proper ſpirit upon the occaſion.

La. Nay that I wou'd do, Sir.

D. Fer. I am determined on it.—I ſuppoſe ſhe is in her chamber there—I'll go into her, and deſire an explanation of her behaviour.

La. That's right, Sir.

D. Fer. I will, indeed——

La. For my part, I believe I ſhou'd hardly be able to keep my hands off her.

D. Fer. Stay, Lazarillo; I find myſelf in a violent agitation.——Do you knock at the door, and tell Beatrice, I wou'd be glad to ſpeak with her lady, while I walk without to recover myſelf a little.

Lazarillo, *who immediately knocks at* Marcella's *door; and afterwards* Beatrice, *who comes out of the room.*

La. My maſter's in a confounded paſſion, that I ſee, tho' he endeavours to ſtifle it.——He ſhan't marry, and ruin himſelf, if I can help it.—(*Knocking at the door louder than before.*)—Oh! what, you are aſleep, are you?—I'll waken you, with a vengeance. (*Knocks with his heel.*)

Beat. (*Opening the door.*) Who's there?

La. Good morning to you, ſweet Mrs. Beatrice.

Beat. What do you want?

La. Not much, my love. I have only a word or two from my maſter to your miſtreſs; if you'll be ſo good as to carry them for me.

Beat. I think you have a great deal of impudence, to beat at my lady's door in that manner. Where do you imagine you are?

La. I ſhan't know where I am preſently, if you continue to look at me with that ſour countenance. —But as to my impudence; I confeſs the charge: it has loſt me two or three places already.——And when I conſider the matter, I can't help wondering

how you have managed to ſtay in this family ſo long.

Beat. I ſhan't anſwer ſuch a fellow as you are.

La. You are too obliging:—it is doing juſt as I wou'd have you.——Don't ſay a word to me, I beſeech you?

Beat. And what ſhou'd make me afraid of ſaying a word to you?

La. I thought you ſaid this moment, you did not think me worth an anſwer.

Beat. I'll ſay fifty words; a hundred, if I take it into my head.

La. A thouſand. Nobody doubts it.

Beat. And, if I will, I'll be ſilent.

La. If you can, you mean.

Beat. Has any body given you a right to prevent my talking?

La. Nobody at all.

Beat. I ſhou'd not have thought of ſuch a thing.

La. Nor I, neither.

Beat. It is not you, nor your father, nor your mother, nor all your dirty generation, ſhou'd make me hold my tongue, if I did not like it.

La. Go on; go on: if you like to talk, why I like to hear you.—What! ſtop'd all of a ſudden!—(*Looking at him in ſilence.*)——Not a word more to throw to a dog.——(*Shaking her head, with a grimace of contempt.*)—That turbulent member laid aſleep that has ſo long kept the houſe in an uproar!——(*Staring in his face.*)——Why, thou moſt inveterate duenna.

Beat. Duenna!——What do you mean by that, you impertinent puppy? Do I look like a duenna? But I'll call thoſe ſhall deal with you properly.——Ma'am, will you be ſo good as to ſtep out here, and ſpeak to Don Ferdinand's footman.

Enter, on different ſides, Marcella, *and* Don Ferdinand.

Mar. What is this diſturbance?—Oh, are you there, Lazarillo!

La. Yes Ma'am.— No Ma'am.

D. Fer. No, Ma'am, I am here.

Beat. Don't be afraid; ſtand your ground, I'll ſecond you.

Mar. I'm not afraid, I aſſure you.

D. Fer. How can you, Donna Marcella, have the confidence to look me in the face, after writing me this letter?

Mar. How can you look me in the face, Don Ferdinand, after giving me occaſion to write that letter?

D. Fer. I gave you no occaſion. You charge me here with a thing which I am utterly ignorant of.—An offence in the clouds.—I don't know what you mean, Ma'am.

Mar. No, indeed!—Do you hear him, Beatrice? He ſays, he does not know what I mean.

Beat. Oh fye, Sir; how can you talk——

D. Fer. I don't, by Heaven's;—You accuſe me here of bringing a woman into your father's houſe.—When?—how?——If ever I have ſeen a woman here, ſince I came into the houſe, but ſuch as belong to it, I wiſh I may——

Mar. You had better endeavour to perſuade me that I ſaw none either.

Beat. Ay, perſuade my lady to that if you can.

La. And pray, Mrs. Beatrice, what buſineſs have you to meddle in the diſpute?

Beat. Becauſe I have.

D. Fer. Lazarillo, be quiet. I beg, couſin, you will not urge me any farther upon this ridiculous affair.

Mar. By no means; but you will give me leave to believe my ſenſes, my eyes, and my ears.

D. Ferdinand. (*Taking her kindly by the hand.*) Well, but we are both too much inclined to be in a paſſion; let us reaſon the matter coolly together, and I will convince you, that, in this caſe, whatever you ſaw or heard, muſt have deceived you;

you; at leaſt you are deceived in the inferences you have drawn from it: for, ſuppoſing their was a woman here, only conſider with yourſelf what probability, nay, what poſſibility is there, that I ſhould have been acceſſary to her introduction?

La. No; I'll anſwer for it, my maſter knew no more of the matter——

D. Fer. (*Suddenly letting her go*) In ſhort, ma'am, I muſt tell you, the thing is ſo palpably againſt reaſon and common ſenſe, that your affecting to believe it, looks as if you had ſome ſecret motive, at leaſt as diſhonourable to you, as the reality of the offence would have been to me, had I committed it.

Mar. You ſaid we were to be cool, Don Ferdinand; keep your temper.

D. Fer. I am cool, ma'am; but when one is provoked by an outrage of this nature——

Mar. Falling into a fury is by no means a proof of innocence; and, ſince you think proper to appeal to appearances for your juſtification, I muſt tell you, they all make ſtrongly againſt you.

D. Fer. Demonſtrate that, ma'am, and I ſhall have nothing more to ſay.

Mar. I'll be judged by Beatrice.

La. Obſerve that—

Beat. Oh yes, Sir, they all make againſt you, indeed; I am ſure I would be very unwilling to believe ſuch a thing, if there was not all the reaſons in the world.

D. Fer. And what reaſons, pray?

Beat. More than one or two either; but, pray, let me aſk you, Sir, why did you engage Don Guzman to hire theſe lodgings, unknown to my miſtreſs, and all of a ſudden too, when we had better where we were; but that you might have an opportunity of introducing a miſtreſs into them?

D. Fer. (*laughing*) Ha! ha! ha!

Mar. Laughing is no confutation, Don Ferdinand.

Beat.

Beat. Then, Sir, going out as you have done, theſe two or three nights, at unſeaſonable hours? I'm ſure it could never be for any thing good. But moſt of all, what a work was there laſt night, about having your bed-chamber next to the outward room; which, I am ſatisfied, could be for no earthly purpoſe, but to bring in and let out your women with more conveniency.

D. Fer. And theſe, madam, are the evidences on which you ground your indictment?

Mar. Anſwer them, if you can.

D. Fer. I cou'd; but it is beneath me. I ſhall only tell you, ma'am, that there is nothing in them; and I expect you will believe it; but, before matters of a more ſerious nature go any farther between us, I ſhall demand ſome other inſtances of compliance on your ſide: and the firſt point I inſiſt upon is, that you turn off your chambermaid there, Mrs. Beatrice.

Beat. Turn me off! Oh, lord, ma'am, have I—

La. That my maſter inſiſts upon—ſtick to it, Sir.

D. Fer. I ſay, ma'am, in the firſt place, I inſiſt upon her being turned off; abſolutely never to be employed about you again. And, in the next place, ma'am, I deſire to know who the man was I found in the houſe laſt night?

Mar. The man, Sir!

D. Fer. Ay, ma'am; the man in the maſk? I'm ſure you ſaw him.

Mar. Beatrice!

Beat. Why, ma'am, when the ſwords were drawn, I don't know but I did ſee a man; but, I believe, it was one of the woman's———

D. Fer. Unjuſt Marcella!

Mar. Come, come, Don Ferdinand, this artifice will not ſucceed; my education has been too ſtrict, and my conduct too exemplary, to admit of a doubt prejudicial to my reputation. I know not who you have ſeen, nor do I care; but this I tell you peremptorily,

torily, and call Heaven to atteſt it, that I never will be your wife, till I know who the woman was that Beatrice and I ſaw, in your chamber, laſt night.

D. Fer. You are reſolved upon it?

Mar. Finally; irrevocably.

D. Fer. Very well.—Now hear my reſolve. By Heaven, I never will be your huſband, till I know who the man was I met, laſt night, in the anti-chamber. And ſo, madam, your ſervant.

La. Your ſervant. Now cry your eyes out.

Marcella, Beatrice, *and then* Don Guzman, *with a Lawyer and Notary: ſervants, afterwards, bring in chairs and tables.*

Beat. Turn me off, indeed; I aſſure him I ſhould not chuſe to venture myſelf in the houſe with him, now I know what ſort of a gentleman he is.

Mar. Oh, my dear Beatrice, I am hardly able to ſupport myſelf.

Beat. No, ma'am! I'm ſorry for that.

Mar. His effrontery has quite ſhocked me.

Beat. Lord, ma'am! here's your father, and his lawyers.

Mar. Don't ſay a word of what has happened, Beatrice.

Beat. No, ma'am, to be ſure I won't.

D. Guz. Come, gentlemen, give me leave to bring you into this chamber: I have ordered things to be got ready for our buſineſs.—Where are theſe fellows? Why don't they bring in tables and chairs? Daughter, good morning to you. Heydey! What's the matter with you, child? You are not well; let me feel your pulſe.

Mar. I am pretty well, Sir; but I have had but an indifferent night.

D. Guz. An indifferent night! By my faith one would think you had not ſlept this fortnight; but I ſee what it is; you are a ſilly girl, and have been blubbering: has not ſhe been blubbering? I remember

member her mother did nothing elſe for a week, before ſhe was married to me.

Beat. If you'll let my lady alone, Sir, ſhe'll come to herſelf preſently.

D. Guz. Where is my nephew, now! Where is Don Ferdinand? I ſent for him as ſoon as I came in; but, I ſuppoſe, I muſt go call him myſelf after all.

Law. No, Don Guzman; I believe the young gentleman is here.

Enter Don Ferdinand, *and* Lazarillo.

D. Fer. Do you want me, Sir?

D. Guz. Do I want you? Why, to be ſure, Sir, I do want you; where the miſchief is it you hide yourſelf? You ſhould have been here the firſt, and now your come the laſt.

D. Fer. Sir, I came as ſoon—

D. Guz. You have no gallantry; when I was a young man——Come let us take our places. You, gentlemen, at that table, with your parchments; and you children, ſeat yourſelves here on each ſide of me.

D. Fer. (ſitting down) Ugh!

D. Guz. So, ſo! what ails you? Have you got the melancholies too? Catch'd the dumps of your couſin?

D. Fer. Dumps, Sir! I don't know what you mean; I never was merrier in my life; I'll laugh till my ſides are ſore, if you deſire it.

D. Guz. Laugh till your ſides are ſore, you ſilly boy! There's no occaſion for that either. Come, gentlemen, have you got every thing ready?

Law. Yes, Don Guzman, every thing is ready.

D. Guz. Daughter, why don't you ſit down here when I deſire it?

Mar. Sir, I chuſe——

Beat. Dear ma'am, pray ſit down.

Mar.

Mar. (*ſitting down*) Why it will be the ſame thing.

D. Guz. I never ſaw two creatures look as you do in my life: what in the name of folly is the matter with you?

Mar. I have told you already, Sir, that I am not well.

Not. Theſe you ſay, Don Guzman, are the parties?

D. Guz. Ay; you'll take notice, I give ten thouſand piſtoles to my daughter, for the preſent; and the reſt of my fortune at my death; only reſerving a thouſand crowns, to defray the expence of proſecuting Don Carlos de Pimentel, who kill'd her brother in a duel.

Not. Ten thouſand piſtoles; the reſidue of your fortune at your death; a thouſand crowns to proſecute Don Carlos de Pimentel. 'Tis ſo ſet down, Don Guzman.

D. Guz. (*riſing*) Let me ſee—

D. Fer. Shall we ſuffer them to go on with this farce, ma'am?

Mar. Don't talk to me, Sir; I deſire to have no manner of converſation with you.

D. Fer. O, very well, ma'am; I am as willing to avoid any thing of that kind as you can be.

D. Guz. (*returning to his chair*) What, what, what are you ſaying to one another?

D. Fer. I was not ſpeaking at all, Sir.

D Guz. (*ſitting down*) Well, go on.

Law. Now, Don Guzman, we are come to your daughter's dowry, in caſe of widowhood.

D. Guz. That depends upon my nephew; but, I ſuppoſe, he will not think five thouſand crowns a year extravagant, with forty thouſand as a proviſion for younger children.

Mar. Horrid idea!

D. Guz. Eh?

Mar. What, Sir?

D. Guz. Were not you ſpeaking either?

Mar. No, Sir, I did not ſay a word.

D. Guz. I'm ſure you did though.

Beat. (*behind* Marcella's *chair*) No, Sir, my lady did not ſpeak, indeed.

D. Guz. I'm not ſpeaking to you, take notice.

La. (*behind* Don Ferdinand's *chair*) Put in your word agan.

D. Guz. Have you any objection to this ſettlement, Don Ferdinand?

D. Fer. By no means, Sir; make it double, if you think proper; or treble, or quadruple,

D. Guz. Double, or treble, or quadruple! You are very indifferent, methinks. Come, gentlemen, ſet down what I have told you, and then we'll get the young folks to put their hands.

Mar. (*acroſs* D. Guzman) I ſhan't ſign Don Ferdinand.

D. Fer. Nor I, ma'am, aſſure yourſelf.

D. Guz. You are not ſpeaking now, perhaps.

Beat. (*to* Marcella) For Heaven's ſake, dear ma'am—

La. (*putting his hand before her mouth*) Will you hold your—

D. Guz. (*ſtarting up*) What are you two doing there?

Beat. Nothing, Sir; it's Lazarillo won't let me alone.

La. I'm doing nothing to her, Sir.

D. Guz. The devil's in you all, I believe.

Not. This is finiſhed, Don Guzman.

D. Guz. Finiſhed is it? Well, before we go any farther, let us fix the day for the marriage; I have thought of Saturday; however, pleaſe yourſelves; what ſay you, nephew?

D. Fer. (*riſing*) Why, Sir, if I muſt give my opinion, I think we had better defer it a little.

D. Guz. Defer it! How long?

D. Fer.

D. Fer. For ever, Sir.

Mar. (*riſing*) And that's my opinion too, Sir.

D. Guz. Is it ſo indeed! And why is it your opinion pray?

Mar. (*going out*) Don Ferdinand will tell you, Sir.

D. Guz. Come back, child, Marcella; (*turning to* Don Ferdinand) Don Ferdinand?

D. Fer. Enquire of your daughter, Sir, ſhe can beſt inform you.

Don Guzman, Beatrice, Lawyer, Notary.

D. Guz. Gone! ſhe one way, and he t'other, and I am left in the clouds; pray, Ma'am, can you ſolve this riddle? What's the matter with 'em; what has happen'd between your miſtreſs, and her couſin, to occaſion this ſudden—I know not what to call it—Satan has poſſeſs'd them both I believe.

Beat. Don't aſk me any thing about it, Sir.

D. Guz. Not aſk you!

Beat. No, Sir, I had rather you wou'd not.

D. Guz. What are you whimpering for?

Beat. I don't know, Sir, I can't help it.

D. Guz. I deſire you will tell me whatever has come to your knowledge.

Beat. Well, Sir, all I know about it, is this, Don Ferdinand brought a creature into the houſe here———

D. Guz. A creature! When?

Beat. Laſt night, Sir.

D. Guz. Well, don't cry—And what creature was it? A lion, a tyger, a bear, a rhenoceros, a crocodile?

Beat. No, Sir, I'm aſham'd to tell you what it was.

D. Guz. Aſham'd!

Beat. Beſides, I don't know how you name them.

D. Guz. No! It muſt be ſome ſtrange monſter ſure, or you are grown devliſh mealy mouth'd of a ſudden.

Beat. Courtezans I think they are call'd; your creatures, that run after the men.

D. Guz. Oh, ho! In ſhort, Don Ferdinand brought a ſtrumpet into my houſe laſt night?

Beat. Yes, Sir, I believe that's one of the names gentlemen give them.

D. Guz. And how do you know he did this?

Beat. Becauſe I ſaw her, Sir—I catch'd her in his bed-chamber, and my lady ſaw her too.

D. Guz. Very well, that's all I want with you.

Beat. (*making a low courtſey as ſhe goes out*) Sir, your humble ſervant.

Don Guzman, Lawyer, Notary, Lazarillo.

Law. As the parties refuſe to ſign, Don Guzman, it will be needleſs for us to ſtay any longer.

D. Guz. Hold, gentlemen; a moment's patience, I beg—(*to* Lazarillo) How now, Sir! what's your buſineſs here?

La. I want my maſter's hat, Sir.

D. Guz. Your maſter's hat! Come hither—I ſuppoſe you know the cauſe of this difference between my nephew and my daughter?

La. Yes, Sir, my maſter has truſted me with every thing.

D. Guz. Has he! Well, let me know all the particulars then; you need be under no apprehenſion, for I ſhall repeat nothing to your prejudice; and there's ſomething to recompence your confidence.

La. Sir, I am very much oblig'd to you.

D. Guz. So, now tell me what you know.

La. Why, Sir, (a little this way, becauſe there is no occaſion for thoſe gentleman to hear us) laſt night, Sir, my maſter found a man, in one of the chambers within———

D. Guz. Your maſter found a man!

La. Yes, Sir—I did not ſee him myſelf, you'll obſerve, but I've no doubt of the fact, tho' Donna Marcella denies it——

D. Guz. Hark, you raſcal, do you ſee this cane in my hand?

La. Well, Sir, and what then, Sir?

D. Guz. Why then, ſirrah, how dare you have the impudence to trifle with me, knowing I have an inſtrument of chaſtiſement ſo near? Tell me the truth, you dog; the whole truth this moment, or I'll break every bone in your ſkin.

La. I have told you the whole truth, Sir. Don Ferdinand, my maſter, your nephew, found a man in the houſe laſt night, that your daughter had hid there——

D. Guz. (*ſtriking him*) Take that, and that, and that!

La. (*going off*) For ſhame, Sir, what's come over you; are you bewitch'd? Was ever ſuch a curſed old fellow?

D. Guz. Gentlemen, you ſee there is ſomething wrong in my family; I really don't know what it is at preſent; but as it muſt be ſettled before we conclude matters, I will endeavour to get at the bottom of it, and let you know this evening, when we would trouble you again. I am ſo confounded, ſo vext, and in ſuch a paſſion, that I proteſt I think I was never ſo in all my days: but I'll make them tell me this ſtory, in a plain, intelligible manner; and my nephew ſhall ſatisfy me in every point, or I can tell him he ſhall never be nearer related to me, and he may go farther and not fare ſo well.

As ſoon as the ſtage is left void, Don Carlos *opens a door in the back ſcene, and after peeping to ſee that the coaſt is clear, enters with* Aurora *leaning on his arm.*

Aur. Only get me a little into the air, and I ſhall be well again preſently.

D. Car. How do you find yourſelf?

Aur. Better already.

D. Car. Good God, what ſhall we do; and how unfortunate was it, that you came here, ſince our perverſe ſtars decreed that the maſter key ſhou'd be of no uſe to us.

Aur.

Aur. Who cou'd devine that centinels wou'd be plac'd to guard the door? However, let us not complain, but rather thank Providence, that we diſcover'd their being poſted, which muſt otherwiſe have ended in my ſhame, and your inevitable deſtruction.

D. Car. (*drawing her a chair*) Sit down here a little.

Aur. (*leaning back*) Heigho!

D. Car. Aurora! ſhe faints again—the heat of that curſed place, has overcome her ſo, that I ſhall never be able to fetch her to herſelf.

Aur. 'Tis nothing but the ſudden effects of the air. I aſſure you I am greatly recover'd, and ſhall be able to go in again immediately.

D. Car. I know the riſk I run, in expoſing myſelf to diſcovery—her retreat with me being known, will alſo ſubject her to a thouſand diſhonourable ſuſpicions, tho' groundleſs; but her ſituation requires immediate aſſiſtance. If I can ſee Beatrice, I think I may venture to tell her my ſtory, and commit Aurora to her care; ſhe was formerly much in my intereſt; 'tis the only thing I have for it; and the worſt come to the worſt, my maſk and my ſword ſhall defend me from every body elſe.

Aurora *alone.*

What woman can ſay ſhe will make but one falſe ſtep? Alas, we tread upon ice, and in making one, thro' want of caution, we make a thouſand. Nay, after that, accident takes the part of indiſcretion, and we even fall, in endeavouring to recover ourſelves—Carlos! where is he? Don Carlos! how has he left me without my perceiving him; ſure he is gone to tell Marcella, or her maid, my ſituation; I wou'd ſooner die than they ſhou'd know it.

Mar. (*within*) Beatrice, Beatrice, where are you?

Beat. Here, Ma'am, I'm a coming.

Aur.

Aur. Heavens and earth, what do I hear! is not that Marcella's voice? Shou'd ſhe find me in this place, ſhou'd ſhe know where I have been, what wou'd ſhe think of me—I am entangled ſo on every ſide, that it is impoſible for me to extricate myſelf: muſt then the retreat I contriv'd for another, be my own deſtruction!

Marcella, Beatrice.

Mar. Where's my father?

Beat. I don't know, Ma'am, but I've told him all.

Mar. Told him! what have you told him?

Beat. Why, about the woman, Ma'am.

Mar. I'm ſorry for it.

Beat. Are you? I'm ſorry too then; but you wou'd not have had me told him a lie, and he aſk'd me.

Mar. In ſhort, Beatrice, Don Ferdinand's behaviour has ſhaken my reſolution—It betrays no marks of guilt; and, after all, if we ſhou'd be miſtaken.——

Beat. Nay, Ma'am, if there is any miſtake, you led me into it I'm ſure; for I ſaid at firſt, the woman was only a thief.

Mar. I am really afraid I have been too raſh.

Beat. And now you are vex'd with yourſelf, I ſuppoſe; that's always the way when one's paſſion's over.

Mar. Go and deſire my father to come to me here.

Beat. Yes, Ma'am; but pray now take care what you ſay to him, and don't let him lay all the blame upon me.

Marcella *ſits down in the chair, which* Aurora *had juſt left, with her veil careleſsly thrown over her face.* Don Carlos *enters behind.*

D. Car. I have ventur'd as far as my apprehenſions wou'd give me leave, but without being able

able to meet Beatrice; however, it is ſo far well, that I have met nobody elſe—Perhaps her weakneſs may now have left her (*approaching* Marcella, *whoſe back he only ſees, and taking hold of her hand for* Aurora's.) Deareſt, tendereſt creature, how is it with you?

Mar. (*ſtarting up with a ſcream*) Ah!

D. Car. Confuſion, what's this!

Mar. Who are you—Help!

D. Car. My head turns round, I ſhall drop.

Mar. Don Carlos de Pimentel!

D. Car. That wretch.

Mar. Whence come you, Sir? How got you here?

D. Car. What ſhall I ſay to her! (*heſitating*) Ma'am, I confeſs at the ſight of you my blood freezes, my heart recoils, and I am neither in a ſtate to hear or anſwer you.

Mar. Your raſhneſs, Sir, forces me to give you up to juſtice—Who's there?

D. Car. Hold, Ma'am—Give me up to juſtice; having loſt you, my life is not worth preſerving; but where is the lady I left here juſt now?

Mar. The lady, Sir, juſt now; lord, what lady, and what are you talking of? I ſaw no lady—The caſe is evident, his misfortunes have turn'd his brain.

D. Car. (*aſide*) Aurora then, has recover'd, and gone back to our retreat; Marcella has not ſeen her, I had better ſay nothing.

Mar. Tell me, Sir, to what purpoſe are you come into this houſe? Is it the effect of madneſs, or deſign'd as an audacious inſult upon our family?

D. Car. What can I ſay—only that I am the moſt unfortunate of men; that all imaginable diſtreſſes, accumulate upon my head; that theſe walls incloſe the object I have ſo long ador'd, and ſo fatally loſt.

Mar. Proceed no farther, Sir—On reflection, I find myſelf in the moſt critical ſituation—My honour is at ſtake as well as your life—Only let me know in

one

one word, did you come here on purpoſe to meet deſtruction, or do you wiſh to avoid it?

D. Car. Are you married to Don Ferdinand?

Mar. I am not; nor do I believe I ever ſhall; but, good gentleman, endeavour to calm your tranſports; you frighten me, and may ruin us both.

D. Car. 'Tis true;—forgive the ravings of a diſtracted man;—I am diſtracted, I am diſtracted, Marcella;—where to go—how to act—what to ſay—

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Your father, and Don Ferdinand, are both gone——(*Seeing* Don Carlos.)—Ah, Ma'am! here is a man then, after all——and you wou'd not venture to truſt me.

Mar. The man is Don Carlos——

Beat. De Pimentel!——We ſhall be every one hang'd.

Mar. How he got in, or his reaſon for coming, I cannot prevail on him to diſcover.

Beat. How long has he been here, Ma'am?

Mar. I never ſaw him, till this moment, that he ſurprized me.

Beat. Upon your word!

Mar. For my part, I believe he is mad; for he talks in the ſtrangeſt, wild, incoherent manner.

Beat. His eyes look very ugly, I aſſure you;—ſtand farther from him, Ma'am, he may have broken from his keepers.—(*Keeping at a diſtance, with her miſtreſs by the arm.*)—What do you want here, Sir? and which of our people let you in?

D. Car. None of your people let me in.

Beat. I ſuppoſe, then, you were the man Don Ferdinand ſaw laſt night?

D. Car. I was.

Beat. And have you been here ever ſince?

D. Car. I have,

Beat. And where did you hide yourſelf?

D. Car. Where I could.

Beat. Have you been ſeen by any one in the houſe, beſides my lady and me?

D. Car. No.

Beat. We muſt get him out, Ma'am, while your father and Don Ferdinand are abroad; it will be better than calling the ſervants to take him, for reaſons——

Mar. But how ſhall we get him out?—He is ſubject to be ſeen by all the ſervants in the houſe, every one of whom know him;—and, at laſt, perhaps, he may be ſtopp'd by the centinels at the door.

Beat. The centinels!—I never thought of them.—Lord! Lord! how ſhall we contrive!—One can't think of hanging the wretch.—Stay, there's a thought come into my head.—If we can get the family out of the way, there is, in my room, a military hat and cloak of your late brother's; let him put on them; the centinels will take him for an officer—

Mar. My brother's cloak and hat!——I cannot think of it, Beatrice.

Beat. Then, Ma'am, you muſt give him up.

Mar. I can't think of that either.

D. Car. Sacrifice me; give me up; I am prepar'd for death, and deſire to meet it.

Beat. Ay, but we have too much regard for ourſelves, we thank you.

Mar. At any rate, Beatrice, carry him up into your chamber for the preſent.

Beat. I will, Ma'am.——Come, Sir.——There's ſomething that puzzles me in this buſineſs notwithſtanding; for, I can hardly believe the man wou'd come into this houſe, merely for the ſake of being hang'd, let my lady ſay what ſhe pleaſes.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

A ſtreet; with a view, near the bottom of the ſtage, of Don Guzman's *houſe, with two centinels at the door.*

Don Ferdinand *enters with* Don Pedro.

D. Fer. THE Duke of Medina, then, is entirely out of danger?

D. Ped. His phyſicians pronounced him ſo this morning. I told you, that the colonel of the regiment, to which I belong, was now at Madrid; I knew him to be a man of honour, and was ſure of his friendſhip. I writ him a candid account of my rencounter with the Duke, to whom he immediately went; and he managed matters ſo well, that juſt now he came to the place of my retreat with the meſſage I have repeated to you: that his Grace took the blame of the whole affair upon himſelf, and aſſured me, upon his honour, he would not ſuffer me in any way to be troubled or moleſted about it.

D. Fer. It ſpeaks the generoſity which always ought to diſtinguiſh the nobleman. You may believe, being in a great meaſure the inſtrument of your misfortune, I more than participated in the uneaſineſs it gave you. But I hope the remainder of your ſtay at Madrid will not be leſs agreeable, for the unlucky accident which threatened to cloud it, ſo ſoon after your arrival.

D. Ped. Was my peace, and honour, entirely in my own keeping, I flatter myſelf neither one, nor the other, would be often in danger: but what ſhall I ſay to you, Don Ferdinand?—Laſt night, my ſiſter, whom I had placed in a neighbouring convent, taking advantage of the indiſpoſition of the abbeſs, and the retirement of the

reſt of the community, impoſed upon a ſilly old nun, injudiciouſly truſted with the keys of the houſe; ſhe let her go out, as ſhe ſays, but for an hour; and from that time, to this, ſhe has never been heard of.

D. Fer. Let her out! Upon what pretence?

D. Ped. I cannot clearly learn. Her maid, who is left behind, ſays her miſtreſs did not intruſt her with the ſecret: the nun has been interrogated again, and again; but ſhe is ſo old, her memory is ſo feeble, and ſhe gives ſuch a confuſed account, that it is impoſſible to form any conjectures upon what ſhe ſays.

D. Fer. But can you form no conjectures yourſelf?

D. Ped. Why, it is a ſuſpicion I am unwilling to divulge; but to tell you the truth, from your having ſeen Don Carlos de Pimentel the other evening, I have no manner of doubt, that ſhe is either hid with him ſome where in Madrid, or that ſhe is fled with him from hence.

D. Fer. This is extraordinary, very extraordinary, indeed!

D. Ped. I think, Don Ferdinand, you yourſelf ſeem to be in a ſtate of mind, to-day, far from perfectly tranquil; what is the matter with you? I hope my vexations are not contagious.

D. Fer. No; but to be ſincere with you, a little diſturbance has happened this morning at home, which puts me ſomewhat out of ſorts: I am angry with others, and angry with myſelf; but as there are faults on both ſides, I hope all will be put again in the right channel.

D. Ped. I hope ſo too; for, believe me, nothing could augment my own ſufferings more, than a knowledge of your having any thing to make you materially uneaſy.

D. Fer. Hold, Don Pedro, ſtand back a little; do you ſee the fellow that creeps yonder under the wall, looking behind him every moment?

D. Ped. Ay, what of him?

D. Fer. He comes this way. I have my reaſons for it; let us ſtand a little under that piazza, and obſerve him.

Enter Muſkato.

What an infernal thing is a life of apprehenſion! I wiſh I may never ſtir, if my fear has not almoſt melted me into a jelly: (*clapping his hands behind him, between his waiſtcoat and coat.*) Ay, ay; thro' ſhirt, waiſtcoat, and all; I could not be in a finer perſpiration, if the whole college of phyſicians had been endeavouring to bring me to it. Well, how it will end, Heaven knows; I am out of the houſe, that's one comfort; and in ſome meaſure the way is paved for my maſter; for I have been among his friends, and ſix of them, brave, ſturdy, young fellows, armed with ſwords and piſtols, will be ready to favour his eſcape; the hour they are determined on is the moſt convenient that can be, when our Dons are taking their digeſtive naps after dinner. I only wait their arrival, to give Don Carlos the ſignal from this little popper; (*ſhews a pocket piſtol*) but I muſt firſt take a view of the houſe, which I may do with ſafety, from yonder corner, in order to determine on which ſide I had beſt ſtand, when I give the alarm, that it may be ſure to come to my maſter's ears. (*going off, with his face towards the audience, ſuddenly ſtarts, and turns.*) Who do you want? It is not I! Lord have mercy upon me, I thought ſome one had touched my ſhoulder. I'll ſhoot the firſt man that aſſaults me.

Don Ferdinand, Don Pedro, *and then* Lazarillo.

D. Fer. 'Tis he, I'm poſitive.

D. Ped. I think ſo too.

D. Fer. Hold a little. (*ringing at* Don Guzman's *door*, Lazarillo *comes out.*) Come this way, you Sir; do you ſee the man that goes along yonder, with his hat flapped over his face? Paſs by him, and try if you know who he is. (Lazarillo *goes out.*) The fellow's not at home, whom I ſent to dog Don Carlos, the night before laſt, or he could tell directly whether this is the ſame perſon that was with him.

D. Ped. Your man has taken a thorough ſurvey of his whole perſon.

D. Fer. (*to* Lazarillo *returning.*) Well, Sir, do you know him?

La. Why, Sir, I think I have ſeen his face before.

D. Fer. Is he the ſervant of Don Carlos de Pimentel?

La. The very man.

D. Fer. Then let us go, and ſeize him directly.

D. Ped. Hold, Don Ferdinand, you and your ſervant will be ſufficient to deal with him, and it is abſolutely neceſſary for me, to pay the compliment of calling at the duke of Medina's immediately; however, I'll be with you at your houſe in leſs than half an hour.

D. Fer. Do ſo. Lazarillo, follow me.

Scene changes to a room in Don Guzman's *houſe*, Beatrice *enters*, *and afterwards on the oppoſite ſide enter* Marcella.

Beat. (*looking about her,*) Come, Ma'am, he may venture.

Mar. (*within.*) Is the coaſt quite clear, Beatrice?

Beat. Yes, Ma'am, I have ſent all the other men out of the way, and Lazarillo is juſt this moment gone down the ſtreet. But let him make haſte.

Mar.

Mar. (*within.*) I'll fetch him.

Beat. The dickens take him, he has put me in ſuch a tremble, as I have not been in this twelvemonth; and frights ruin one's complexion too: I dare ſwear I ſhall look pale for a week. Well, Ma'am, what are you ſtaying for?

Mar. (*entering.*) Bleſs my ſoul, Beatrice, I can't find Don Carlos.

Beat. Not find him, Ma'am!

Mar. No; I left him in the room a few minutes ago; and when I came back, he was not there.

Beat. Mercy, mercy; let me go look for him.

Enter Don Carlos, *with the hat, cloak, and regimentals of a Spaniſh officer.*

D. Car. I beg your pardon—

Beat. Lord, Sir, where do you run? My miſtreſs, and I, have been terrified out of our ſenſes.

D. Car. I thought to follow your miſtreſs, but by miſtake turned into a wrong chamber, and could not find my way. (*turning to* Marcella.) Will you permit me to ſay a few words to Mrs. Beatrice, in private?

Beat. In private to me! Mercy on us, what!

D. Car. Don't be alarmed, it is only a little commiſſion I have to charge you with. (*taking her aſide.*) In the firſt place, my dear girl, there is my purſe, and ten thouſand thanks for the kind intereſt you have taken in my misfortunes.

Beat. Oh, dear Sir, your ſervant, I am always ready and willing to aſſiſt any one in diſtreſs; and I wiſh you may get ſafe out of Madrid, with all my heart.

D. Car. Well, but this is not all I have to ſay to you.

Beat. No, Sir!

D. Car. No. There is another perſon ſtill in this houſe, for whom I muſt intreat your good offices; and ſhould there be occaſion and opportunity,

nity, I beg you will convey that perſon out, unſeen by your miſtreſs.

Beat. Well, but I don't underſtand you; explain this matter to me a little more.

D. Car. I can't explain it farther, at preſent.

Beat. Another perſon ſtill in the houſe, that I muſt endeavour—

Mar. Beatrice, we are loſing time.

Beat. Very true, Ma'am—that I muſt endeavour to get out, unknown to my lady. Who is it?

D. Car. What ſignifies? you'll ſee.

Beat. Well, but you've ſet me quite on the fidgets.

Mar. Upon my word, Beatrice, we ſhall delay ſo long—

Beat. We are ready, Ma'am. Come, Sir, let me look at you; the cloaths fit him mighty well; I dare ſwear the centinels will take him for an officer.

Mar. I hope ſo.

Beat. You muſt be cautious not to ſhew any confuſion. Come along the hall with a ſtrut, and in paſſing by, look impudent, more impudent ſtill; you'll not look half impudent enough.

D. Car. Never fear me.

Beat. But you leave my curioſity horribly on the ſtretch, Sir. I wiſh you would tell me what you meant, by the thing you ſaid to me juſt now.

D. Car. Once more, Ma'am, and for the laſt time, I'm afraid, I take my leave of you; but, if any accident untinged with my misfortunes, ſhould again bring us together, let me flatter myſelf—

Beat. Pray, Sir, is the perſon a man, or a woman?

D. Car. Beatrice, farewell—

Mar. Have a moment's patience; I am a little uneaſy; I think I ſee a crowd of people coming towards our door, and, if I am not miſtaken, Don Ferdinand is among them.

Beat. Stay, Ma'am, let me look. Oh, monſtrous!

Mar. What's the matter?

Beat.

Beat. I don't know.——Don Ferdinand, and Lazarillo, and two or three more, have laid hold of a man, and are dragging him along; and I wiſh I may die, Don Carlos, if the perſon they have got, is not very like your ſervant Muſkato.

D. Car. Then the work of my deſtruction is complete.——Come, Ma'am, have the merit of giving me up.

Mar. I give you up, Sir!

Beat. They are bringing him into the houſe.——Quick, quick, let us get back to my chamber, as faſt as we can.

Scene changes to another chamber in Don Guzman's *houſe, in which is the moveable pannel.* Don Ferdinand *enters, attended by* Lazarillo, *and other ſervants, with* Muſkato, *whom they have got by the collar.*

D. Fer. Pull the raſcal in here; pull him in; and if he attempts to ſtruggle, knock him down.

Muſk. Well, but gentlemen, good, dear gentlemen, as you are men of honour, and Catholic Chriſtians, don't do me any hurt.—I am a poor miſerable young fellow, but juſt turn'd of four and twenty, that have an old mother, and two lame ſiſters—

D. Fer. Aren't you a villain, ſirrah?

Muſk. You are pleas'd to ſay ſo, Sir; and I ſhan't be ſo unmannerly as to contradict any gentleman, with a ſword at my throat.

D. Fer. Aren't you the ſervant of that aſſaſſin, Don Carlos de Pimentel?

Muſk. Upon my word Sir, I can't ſay;—perhaps I may, and perhaps I mayn't;—you have frighten'd every thing quite out of my head;—I have no more memory than a dry'd whiting.

La. He is his ſervant, Sir.

Muſk. Well, Sir; yes, I am his ſervant, if that will content you.

D. Fer. Where's your maſter?

Muſk. (*Laughing.*) Ha! ha! ha!

D. Fer. Do you make a jeſt of us?

Muſk. No, Sir, no; but I am tickliſh, and your man has got his fingers in my collar: bid him take them away, and I'll ſpeak.

D. Fer. Let him go.——Well, now, Sir, where is Don Carlos?

Muſk. He's in a place.—(*Looking towards the pannel.*)

D. Fer. In a place! what place?

Muſk. Stay, let me recollect myſelf a little. I never was ſo flurry'd ſince I was born. Indeed, gentlemen, you have not done well to ſcare me in this manner: it may throw me into a fever; or ſome other ugly diſorder; and, I am ſure, you have ſo much good nature, that you wou'd be ſorry for it afterwards.

D. Fer. You will trifle with us, then. Anſwer my queſtion, directly, or torture ſhall make you.

Muſk. Propoſe it again, good Sir.

D. Fer. Where is Don Carlos de Pimentel?

Muſk. Not a great way off. (*Looking again at the pannel.*)

D. Fer. So we ſuppoſe, by your being here.

Muſk. He is, at preſent, I believe——Pray, Sir, will you do me the favour to tell me what o'clock it is?

D. Fer. What a clock!

Muſk. Yes, Sir; becauſe I wou'd be as preciſe in anſwering your queſtion, as poſſible: and, if it is now about half an hour after one, as I partly conjecture, Don Carlos is at this moment, picking his teeth, after dinner, in the city of Liſbon.

D. Fer. 'Tis falſe, ſirrah; I know he is at this moment hid ſomewhere in Madrid.——Lay hold of him again.

Muſk. Don't touch me for your lives.—I deſire to know, gentlemen, ſince you come to this, how long

long it has been the cuſtom in Spain, to lay violent hands on people, without officers, and without warrants?

D. Fer. We'll tell you that by and by.

Enter Marcella *and* Beatrice.

Mar. There is really nothing in this houſe, from morning till night, but noiſe and confuſion.—What is the matter here?

Muſk. Only a couple of alguazils, Madam, as you may perceive by their dreſs, that have got a poor criminal in their clutches, and are going to play the devil with him.

D. Fer. This is the ſervant of Don Carlos de Pimentel; I catched him juſt now in the ſtreet, meaſuring the outſide of our houſe, with his eyes, from top to bottom.—I know his maſter is at preſent in Madrid; and I ſuſpect, this emiſſary of his was not lurking about this neighbourhood for any good purpoſe:—rather, perhaps, in meditation of ſome farther deſtruction of our family;—for, ſearching his pockets, we found a piſtol.

Muſk. You found a piſtol!——Do you ſay you found a piſtol in my pocket?

La. There it is.

Muſk. Oh, do you call that a piſtol?——

La. Ay; what do you call it?

Muſk. I keep it to light my pipe.

Beat. Well but, Sir, let me look at this perſon; becauſe I was very well acquainted with Don Carlos, and his ſervant too, if this be the ſame he had before he left Madrid.

Muſk. Do look at me, Ma'am; did you ever ſee my face before?

Beat. Never, upon my honour.

Muſk. See there, gentlemen.

La. Why you yourſelf ſaid but now, that you belong'd to Don Carlos.

Muſk. Did I?

D. Fer. Yes, this moment.

Muſk. I don't think I ſaid any ſuch thing: and I am almoſt ſure I did not.

Beat. Indeed, Sir, you are miſtaken here;—he that liv'd with Don Carlos, us'd to make love to me;—a good, genteel, perſonable fellow:——whereas, this is one of the worſt looking, ill-made, aukward, ugly hounds, I ever ſaw in my life.

La. Sir, believe what I ſay to you; this is the ſervant that liv'd with Don Carlos, when he was laſt in Madrid; and he was always juſt as ugly as he is now. I even recollect his name; it began with juſ—or fuſ——or———

Muſk. There is neither juſ nor fuſ in my name; ſo you may give me my liberty.

D. Fer. No, Sir, I arreſt you——

Muſk. You can't; let me ſee your warrant.

Mar. Indeed, Sir, I think you had better turn him about his buſineſs.

D. Fer. I think the contrary.—Pray, Ma'am, you and your maid return to your chamber.—Lazarillo, lock that door, and give me the key ——(*To* Muſkato, *who endeavours to ſteal away.*)———'Tis in vain to ſtrive to eſcape, Sir; I ſhall leave you lock'd up here, till I come back with proper officers.

Muſk. (*Pulling* Lazarillo *by the ſleeve.*) Young man, I find myſelf a little indiſpos'd; if you have any ſuch thing as a drop of ſpirits in the houſe, I would be oblig'd to you for——

La. Oh! you'll be in greater want of ſpirits preſently;——you had better keep them for a more preſſing occaſion.

Muſkato, Aurora.

Muſk. (*Knocking at the wainſcot.*) Open;—open;—'tis I.

Aur. (*Coming out veil'd.*) Well!

Muſk. Hey-day, what have you done to yourſelf! have you got into petticoats too?——Gad, I don't know

know but you are much in the right of it; for there is an old gentleman hereabouts, who conducts ladies out of his houſe, with an admirable politeneſs.—— But, joking apart, I ſuppoſe you have heard what has happen'd.

Aur. I endeavoured to liſten; but the noiſe was ſo great, I could hear nothing diſtinctly.

Muſk. You cou'd hear nothing diſtinctly!—— (*Squeaking to mimic her.*)——What the devil, have you put your voice into petticoats too?—I left you a double baſs; and, I find you a treble.

Aur. (*Shewing her face*) Come, a truce with theſe impertinencies.

Muſk. Donna Aurora!———For Heaven's ſake, worthy young gentlewoman, how came you here?

Aur. 'Tis a long ſtory to tell:——however, make yourſelf eaſy; your maſter has eſcaped.

Muſk. My maſter!

Aur. Donna Marcella, the daughter of Don Guzman, in whoſe way he happened to fall, undertook to ſet him at liberty. He came here, juſt now, and offered to ſtay with me, or make me the companion of his eſcape: the former, you may be ſure, I would not hear of; and, in the latter caſe, I thought I ſhould only be an impediment to him.

Muſk. Well, but ſtay—Donna Marcella, and he—and you——and coming and going——This is all hicktius doxius to me.—When did you ſee Donna Marcella?

Aur. She does not know I am here;—my great mortification is, that I am afraid I ſhall at laſt be obliged to diſcover myſelf to her.

Beat. (*Through the key-hole.*) Muſkato! Muſkato!

Muſk. Who's there?

Beat. 'Tis I—Beatrice——have they lock'd you up?

Muſk. Ay, double lock'd me up—I am lock'd up on both ſides.

Beat. I wiſh I cou'd let you out.

Muſk.

Muſ. I wiſh you could, into the ſtreet—How did you get out my maſter?

Beat. We have him here within; and he ſays he won't go without you.

Muſ. I am very much obliged to him; but what good will that do me? However, at any rate, I ſhould be glad to take my leave of him, before we part. I wiſh you would ſtrive to put back the lock of the door.

Beat. It's impoſſible; but comfort yourſelf; my lady, and I, have been both crying for you; and I dare ſwear we ſhall cry a great deal more.

Muſ. You think we ſhall ſuffer then.

Beat. Take care of yourſelf; Don Ferdinand is coming up the other way, with the alguazils.

Muſ. (*Running to the pannel*) Is he? By Gad, then I will take all the care I can.

Aur. Stay, Muſkato (*her foot ſlipping as ſhe goes to follow him.*) Oh, gracious Heaven! I have hurt myſelf, and they are opening the door.

Muſ. (*dropping the pannel*) Nay, if you won't come: charity begins at home.

Aur. (*on the outſide*) Muſkato!

Aurora, Don Ferdinand, Don Pedro, Lazarillo, *and* Alguazils.

D. Fer. (*without*) Yes, yes, my friend Lazarillo and I ſeized him; and we have him here, under lock and key.

D. Ped. On no account quit him till he diſcovers where Don Carlos is; tho' I believe the law will involve him in his maſter's crime.

Aur. Shame and deſtruction, my brother's voice!

D. Fer. (*entering*) Stand by there, and let the officers paſs; here, gentlemen, is the Corigidor's warrant, and there's your priſoner.

Alg. We are ready to do your duty, Sir.

D. Fer. Hey, what have we got—

D. Ped. A woman in a veil!

D. Fer.

D. Fer. Lazarillo.

La. Sir!

D. Fer. Where's the ſervant of Don Carlos?

La. Is not he there, Sir?

D. Fer. And what woman's this?

Alg. If you can't produce the criminal, Don Ferdinand, it is impoſſible for us to take him.

D. Fer. Hold, gentlemen (*ſearching the chamber.*) By Heavens, I left him locked up here, and have had the key in my pocket ever ſince.

D. Ped. Why don't you ſee who the woman is?

La. (*approaching* Aurora) I'll ſee that.

D. Fer. (Aurora *making a motion with her hand*) Stand off.

La. She beckens to ſpeak with you.

D. Fer. I deſire, gentlemen, you won't leave the houſe yet.

Aur. (*Whiſpers* Don Ferdinand.)

D. Fer. To ſpeak to me in private, ma'am? Is there any thing particular that you can't ſay before theſe people?

Aur. (*Whiſpers him again.*)

D. Fer. Very well, ma'am, it ſhall be ſo. Lazarillo, take the officers with you into the next room: and, let me beg of you, Don Pedro, to ſtand at the door, to have an eye that they don't go away.

Aur. I muſt diſcover myſelf to him.

D. Fer. Well, now, ma'am; who, and what are you?

Aur. Anſwer theſe queſtions yourſelf, Sir (*lifting up her veil;*) for the reſt, my ſex, and my misfortunes, give me claim to your protection.

D. Fer. Aurora, the ſiſter of Don Pedro! Where is the man I left here; and by what unaccountable accident—

Aur. A time will come for ſatisfying you in every thing: conſider, at preſent, but the peril of my ſituation; my brother is here; I am a woman; and you are a gentleman.

D. Fer.

D. Fer. I am really under such astonishment! However, I pledge my word for your safety, while you are here; let down your veil; and, if possible, I will get rid of Don Pedro, till I convey you into some other place.

D. Ped. How now! Your countenance seems changed of a sudden: who is this veiled woman?

D. Fer. An unfortunate person of my acquaintance.

D. Ped. She seems to have thrown you into great perplexity.

D. Fer. Into greater than it is possible to imagine.

D. Ped. Can I be of any service to you?

D. Fer. No.

D. Ped. I'll speak to her, if you please.

D. Fer. It must not be.

D. Ped. I'll be hanged but she is some mistress.

D. Fer. No, upon my word; but—

Don Ferdinand, Don Pedro, Aurora, *and* Don Guzman, *behind the scenes.*

D. Guz. Alguazils in my house again! This is really monstrous: how come the centinels to let these people up? If you seek Don Pedro Pacheco, gentlemen, I tell you once for all—

D. Fer. Was ever man so embarrassed as I am! Here's my uncle now; if he finds a woman with me, and I refuse to give an account how she came, he will believe the story Marcella told him concerning last night; if I discover her, I shall involve myself in a quarrel with her brother, besides breaking my word given to her.

D. Ped. You are greatly concerned about something.

D. Fer. I am; I confess it.

Aur. Don Ferdinand, do you hesitate to preserve me?

D. Fer. No, Ma'am, I will endeavour to preserve you, at any rate. My dear Don Pedro, don't be

surprized

surprized at what I am going to say to you: it stands me upon to keep this lady from my uncle's sight; I beg, therefore, you will not mention any thing about her: and pray, ma'am, do you step into this cabinet.

D. Ped. Shall I shut myself up with her?

D. Fer. No; stay where you are.

Don Ferdinand, Don Pedro, *and* Don Guzman, *speaking to* Lazarillo, *who goes across; afterwards enter on the opposite side*, Marcella *and* Beatrice.

D. Guz. Go you, Sir, and desire my daughter to come to me immediately. Nephew, I am very angry with you.

D. Fer. I am sorry for that, Sir.

D. Guz. A fig for your sorrow.

D. Ped. Don Guzman, I kiss your hand.

D. Guz. I am glad to see you out of your trouble, Don Pedro; you know what I am going to say: I was well acquainted with your father, he was an honest, obliging, kind hearted man, and—

Mar. Here I am, Sir, what's your pleasure?

D. Guz. What, you won't let me enjoy ease and quietness? (*To* D. Pedro) I have been worried these two days in such a manner, you would really pity me, if you knew it; and now I find my house full of bailiffs. They tell me, nephew, you have seized the servant of Don Carlos de Pimentel.

D. Fer. Yes, Sir, but he has escaped.

D. Guz. How has he escaped?

D. Fer. That's more than I am able to say. I left him locked up here; and, when I came back again, I could not find him.

D. Guz. Oh, very well; I warrant you I'll find him; I hear tales of a very ugly nature from one side and the other, of men and women being concealed in the house.

D. Fer. 'Tis most certain, Sir, that I met a strange

man in the houſe laſt night; but I don't pretend to determine how he got in.

D. Guz. My daughter ſays there was a ſtrange woman; and, for any thing that appears to the contrary, both the lurking toads may be in the houſe ſtill; and, if ſomebody does not ferrit them out, we may have our throats cut one of theſe nights, when we are aſleep in our beds, and dreaming of no ſuch matter.

D. Fer. Oh, Sir, I can't think they are in the houſe ſtill.

D. Guz. Oh, but I'll be ſure; and, therefore, I am determined to hunt every hole and corner. And firſt, I'll begin to examine this room (*going towards the cloſet where* Aurora *is.*) Perhaps they may have hid themſelves—

D. Fer. (*plating himſelf before the cloſet*) Hold, Sir, you muſt not go in here.

D. Guz. No! And why not pray?

Mar. Do go in, Sir—

D. Guz. Nephew, I will go into that place.

D. Fer. Pardon me, Sir, I have the greateſt reſpect for you, but here my honour is engag'd; and by Heaven, I will defend this door with my life.

D. Guz. This is very pretty behaviour, I proteſt; however, Sir, ſince you are ſo violent, I will not contend with you at preſent; I'll take this room in my way back: and will you, Don Pedro, be ſo obliging as to accompany me, while I ſearch the reſt of the apartments.

Beat. (*very quick*) He'll go into my chamber, Ma'am, and find Don Carlos.

Mar. Hold, pray, Sir, ſtay a moment.

D. Guz. What miſchief's in the wind now?

Mar. You muſt not go in this way, Sir.

D. Guz. Muſt not! by my faith but I will tho'.

Beat. For ſhame, Sir, it looks as if you doubted my lady's honour.

D. Fer.

D. Fer. And why ſhou'd not your lady's honour be doubted as well as mine? I ſay, Sir, do go in.

D. Guz. And ſo I——

Mar. Pray, Sir, don't think of it.

D. Guz. Then I'll go in there.

D. Fer. No, Sir, that muſt not be.

D. Guz. Why now did ever any one ſee the like of this? I ſay, nephew, daughter——

Aurora, *throwing open the doors of the cabinet, comes out.*

Aur. Ruin I ſee muſt overtake me, and therefore I'll meet it.

D. Guz. So, ſo, ſo!

Mar. Well, was I right or wrong?

Beat. Right, Ma'am; there is a woman, and I ſhall have ſomething to ſay to her preſently.

D. Fer. Uncle, upon my honour, this is a lady of condition, who is here by mere accident—Don Pedro can tell you——

D. Guz. Nephew, I cou'd not have believ'd ſuch a thing of you.

D. Ped. Well, but, Sir, let Don Ferdinand explain the matter, he is my friend; I know him, and I am ſatisfied he is incapable——

Mar. Come, Ma'am, ſhew your face, till we ſee with what juſtice you are preferr'd to others.

Beat. Why don't you pull off your veil?

Aur. There! Now are you ſatisfied?

D. Ped. (Aurora *diſcovering herſelf*) Fury and death, my ſiſter! Villain, draw your ſword.

D. Guz. Nay now, Don Pedro, you are out of your wits.

D. Fer. Hear me, will you?

D. Ped. I'll hear nothing.

Mar. Nor I.

D. Guz. I'll leave it to all the world now, if ever there was a poor old fellow ſo hamper'd, and plagu'd, by a ſet of young raſcals, and huſſeys, as I am.

Enter Lazarillo.

La. Where's Don Guzman, where's my maſter. Oh gentlemen, gentlemen, gentlemen!

D. Ped. Don Ferdinand, follow me out directly.

D. Guz. (*ſtopping them*) Pray hold a little—What ails this fellow?

Beat. Lazarillo, have you ſeen a ghoſt?

La. You have hit it, the houſe is haunted.

D. Guz. Yes, with a pack of mad people.

La. Spirits, Sir, ſpirits—As I am a living man, your ſon, Don Alonzo appeared to me this inſtant, upon the ſtairs.

D. Guz. Pſhaw, you ſimpleton, you have ſeen a white ſheet, or a cat run acroſs you.

La. No, Sir, I ſaw your ſon, in his regimental cloaths; I ſaw him as plain as I ſee you—His face was as long as my arm, and as pale as a piece of chalk; his eyes glared like two coals of fire, and he had a flambeau in his hand.

D. Guz. I won't believe a word of this, it's all a monſtrous lie—A ghoſt, and a piece of chalk, and a flambeau, and ſtuff; draw all your ſwords and follow me.

Mar. (*ſinks into* Ferdinand's *arms*) Oh!

Beat. My lady faints, my lady faints!

D. Ped. Fetch water here.

D. Guz. Why does ſhe faint this way!

Beat. Sir, I'll tell you; (*falling on her knees.*) I'll tell you, Sir, if you'll promiſe not to be angry; for I find it is in vain to keep the thing a ſecret from you any longer.

D. Guz. Well, I'll not be angry.

Beat. My lady has done nothing ſhe need be aſhamed of, Sir.

D. Guz. No, ſo I am in hopes.

Beat. Nor are either ſhe, or I, to blame; for the perſon that's here, got in, without our knowledge.

D. Guz. What perſon?

Beat. Oh, Sir, don't be angry!

D. Guz. I tell you I won't be angry; I am only thunder-ſtruck. Here, you, man, ghoſt, devil, or whatever you are, make your appearance; I proteſt before Heaven, I'll do you no harm, but forgive you all, and let you go quietly about your buſineſs.

La. The ghoſt! the ghoſt! the ghoſt!

D. Guz. The fool, the blockhead, the aſs. I could find in my heart to thraſh you while I am able to ſtand over you.

Enter Don Carlos, *with his maſk on, and his ſword drawn. After advancing ſome paces towards the middle, he diſcovers himſelf.*

D. Car. Don Guzman, I take you at your word.

Omn. Don Carlos de Pimentel!

D. Fer. Call in the alguazils.

D. Guz. No, come back. How have you the audaciouſneſs, Don Carlos, to appear in this place? And what do you think muſt be the conſequence of my ſeeing you?

D. Car. I came not to Madrid to brave your enmity, Don Guzman, but to engage the aſſiſtance of my friends. I was invited by this lady, to this houſe, where, by a train of accidents, as extraordinary as unavoidable, I have been ſhut up againſt my will.

Aur. This is true. To be more particular, or to tell you how I became entangled in the ſame perplexities with him, is what neither our preſent ſituation, or the ſtate of my ſpirits will allow.

D. Guz. Did not you kill my ſon?

D. Car. I ſhould have been unworthy to live myſelf, had I ſupported an affront from any man; condemn not me, but cuſtom, which makes ſuch reſent-

reſentments laudable. Your ſon was the aggreſſor; I came not upon him like a bravo, or an aſſaſſin, but where the injury was received, in the face of day, ſtaked my life upon the juſtneſs of my quarrel. The ſame chance, which led my ſword to Don Alonzo's breaſt, might have directed his to mine: the fall of your ſon rendered me unhappy, but could not make me guilty.

D. Fer. Uncle, on what do you ruminate?

D. Car. I have delivered myſelf into your hands, Don Guzman, on the faith of your promiſe, that the memory of all paſt acts ſhould be cancelled between us; but conſcious of my innocence, I diſdain to owe my ſafety to an undeſigned clemency; recall what you have ſaid, I releaſe you from your word, if you can have more pleaſure in ſatisfying an unjuſt revenge, than in ſacrificing it to a point of honour.

D. Guz. Go away, and never let me ſee you more.

D. Ped. This may do for you, Don Guzman, but I am to be anſwered in another manner. The death of a ſon may be forgiven, but not the ruin of a ſiſter.

D. Car. Don Pedro, I never wrong'd you. I honour, I eſteem, I admire your ſiſter; and not out of fear of your anger, but in regard to her virtues, and as a debt due to her reputation, brought into danger, by her attention to me, I am willing to make her my wife.

D. Guz. Where is the flambeaux you had juſt now? If you have left it behind you, it may burn the houſe.

D. Car. Flambeaux, Sir, I had no ſuch thing.

D. Guz. Did not you ſay he had a flambeaux?

La. Don't aſk me any thing about it—I don't know what he had.

Aur. (*going apart with* Don Pedro.) Brother—

D. Fer. There is one circumſtance, in this dark affair, which ſurprizes me more than any thing elſe. Where is your ſervant, Don Carlos, whom I ſeized

juſt

juſt now in the ſtreet? I left him locked up here, and in leſs than a quarter of an hour—

Don Guzman, Don Carlos, Don Ferdinand, Don Pedro, Aurora, Marcella, Beatrice, Lazarillo, *and* Muſkato, *who lifts up the pannel.*

Muſ. Heigho!

D. Fer. How now?

D. Guz. Who have we bricked up in the wall, yonder?

Muſ. Are we all friends; is it peace, and good fellowſhip, without reſpect of perſons?

Mar. Muſkato!

Muſ. At your ſervice, Ma'am; and gentlemen, and ladies, I humbly ſalute you all.

D. Guz. Sirrah, I deſire to know—

Muſ. I am included in the treaty, Sir.

Beat. What place have we got here? This brings things into my head. Hark, you rogue's face, was not it you that ſtole my gown?

Muſ. Si, Signora.

Beat. Well, and where is it?

Muſ. Why, you muſt know I put it on.

Beat. Put on my gown!

Muſ. Oh Lord, yes; I make one of the genteeleſt ladies you ever laid your eyes on; aſk Don Guzman elſe. Being ſomewhat more corpulent than you, indeed, your gown has ſuffered a little in the ſeams; but don't make yourſelf uneaſy; to recompence the damage, when our things come from Portugal, I'll make you a preſent of one of the ſweeteſt pretty creatures of a lap-dog, between a maſtiff and an Italian greyhound, about this high from the ground—(*holding his hand about a yard up.*)

Beat. Hang your filthy mongrel, he's fit for nothing but to watch a tan-yard. Make your maſter give me a new gown, for the one you have ſpoiled.

Muſ. Here's my hand, it ſhall be done.

Aur. (*Coming forward with* Don Pedro) This is the fact, as well as it can be related, in a few words; wait, if you pleaſe, to be farther ſatisfied; but re-

member, I can have no motive for deceiving you; and the way is open for an honourable reconciliation, before ſcandal and falſehood—

D. Ped. What you tell me is very odd; however that is not a ſufficient reaſon for my doubting the truth of it. Don Carlos, we have no leiſure now, to enter into diſcuſſions and explanations; your family and fortune are unexceptionable; you ſay you are willing to marry my ſiſter; take her, and may you be happy together.

D. Guz. Don Pedro, I have a great regard both for you and yours, but I cannot ſuffer Don Carlos to ſtay longer in my houſe.

D. Car. Conſcious of the indelicacy, I will quit it immediately. Nay more, I will for ſome months, or longer if you pleaſe, return to my exile at Liſbon; yet let me hope, that time may open a way to our re-union, at leaſt ſo far—

Aur. I aſſure you, Don Guzman, when you hear the hiſtory of the three laſt days Don Carlos has paſt, you will allow there is ſomething ſo uncommon, and extraordinary——

Muſk. Nobody can give a better account of that matter than I; and whenever Don Guzman permits me, I will do myſelf the honour to wait upon him, and entertain him with our whole adventure. In the mean time, to the very ground I thank him for all favours; wiſhing him health, happineſs, and long life.——Of you alſo, young gentleman and lady, I take my leave:—and of you, Mrs. Beatrice, whom I will attend, within this week, to the mercer's, for a new ſilk gown; though I am oblig'd to pay for it out of my wages.——And, laſtly, my dear maſter, I wiſh you joy, from the bottom of my heart, of being releaſed from all your troubles, by the generoſity of this good old gentleman: his behaviour has been that of a noble Spaniard; and I hope our friends will teſtify their ſatisfaction, by joining to applaud it.

4 AP 54

END OF THE COMEDY.